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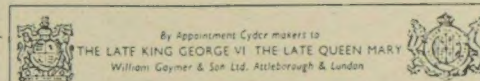
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Schweppshire shows the Way — 5

The Story of the Psychological Wing of the Middleschweppes Hospital illustrates Schweppshire's ability to progress beyond progress.

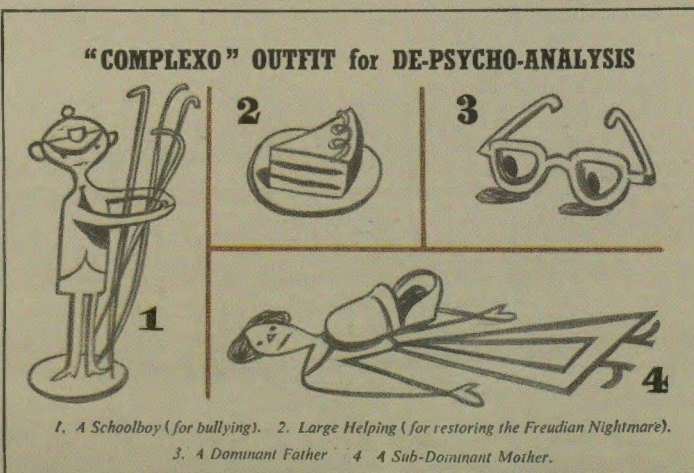
EARLY DAYS. Middleschweppes was the first to prove that Freud was not, in fact, Freud at all, but existent as a buried personality-wish.

FIRST FRUITS. The Middleschweppes psychoanalyst squad perfects its techniques and psycho-analyses more psycho-analytically than any other psycho-analysts anywhere.

COURTING DISASTER. Complete and universal psycho-analysis irons everybody so completely flat that it is impossible to tell the difference between people except by labels.

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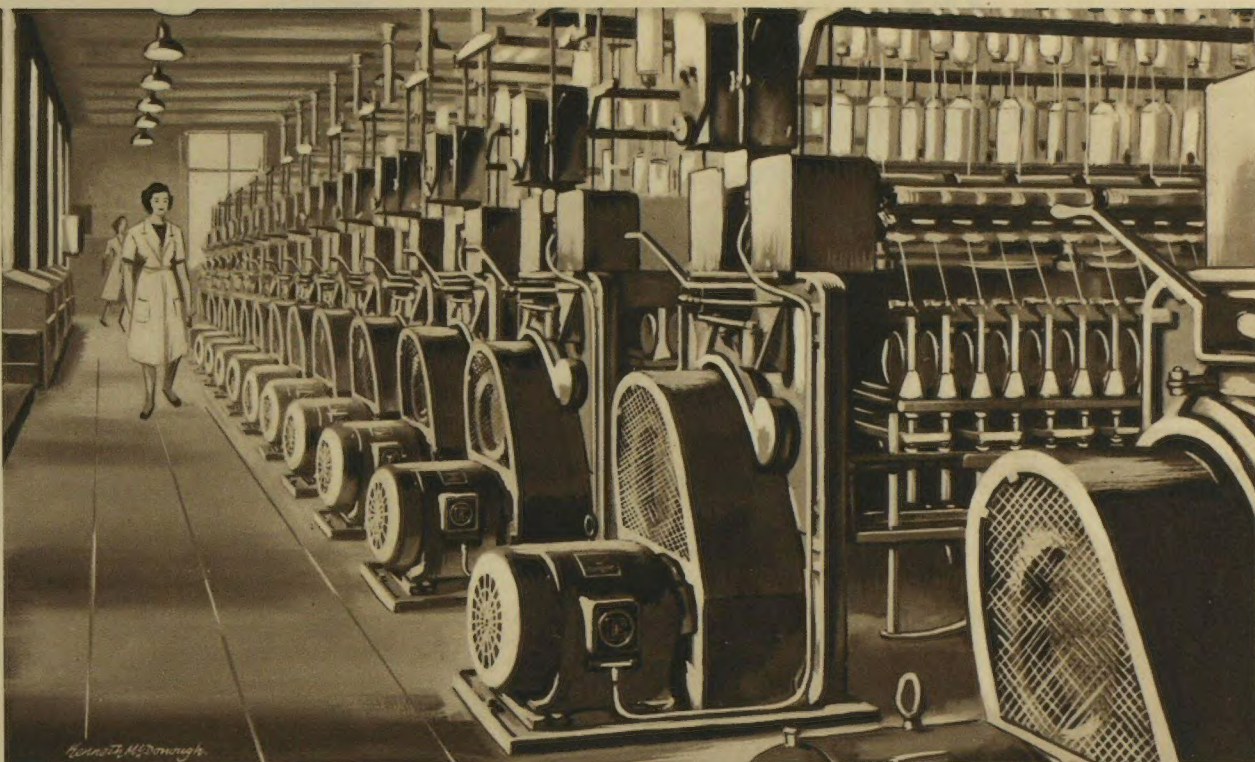
everybody tremendously different again without exactly knowing why. Note, in the *BEFORE* (bottom right of main picture), the absolutely ordinary. *AFTER* (top left) the absolute un-ordinary or different.



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter.

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For British textiles to meet world competition, leadership in quality must be backed by competitive prices. By increasing production per man-hour through the use of modern machinery this can be and is being done. 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'S' contributions range from individual motor drives to complete mill electrification schemes, and are backed by more than 30 years' experience in the application of electric power to the textile industry.



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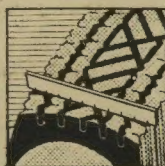
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THEIR FOOD UP
EVEREST...

... THE EXPEDITION CHOSE

THOMPSON & NORRIS

Waterproof corrugated fibreboard containers

IN ORDER to meet the appalling climatic conditions on Everest, the containers used by the Expedition for carrying supplies had to be tough—as tough as the men who used them. But they also had to be light enough to be carried easily at high altitudes. And so, for the first time, an Everest expedition used fibreboard containers instead of heavy wooden cases. Thompson & Norris are proud to have supplied them.

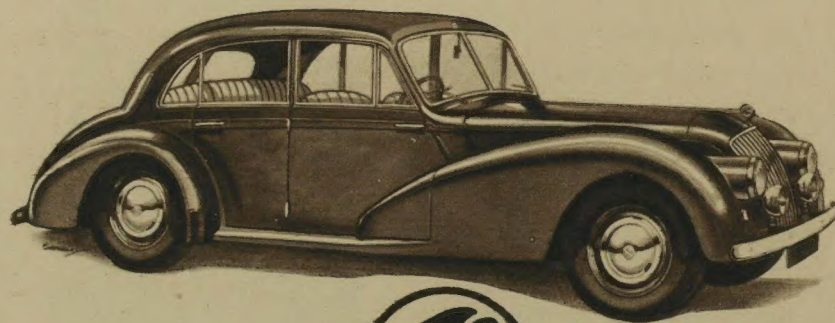
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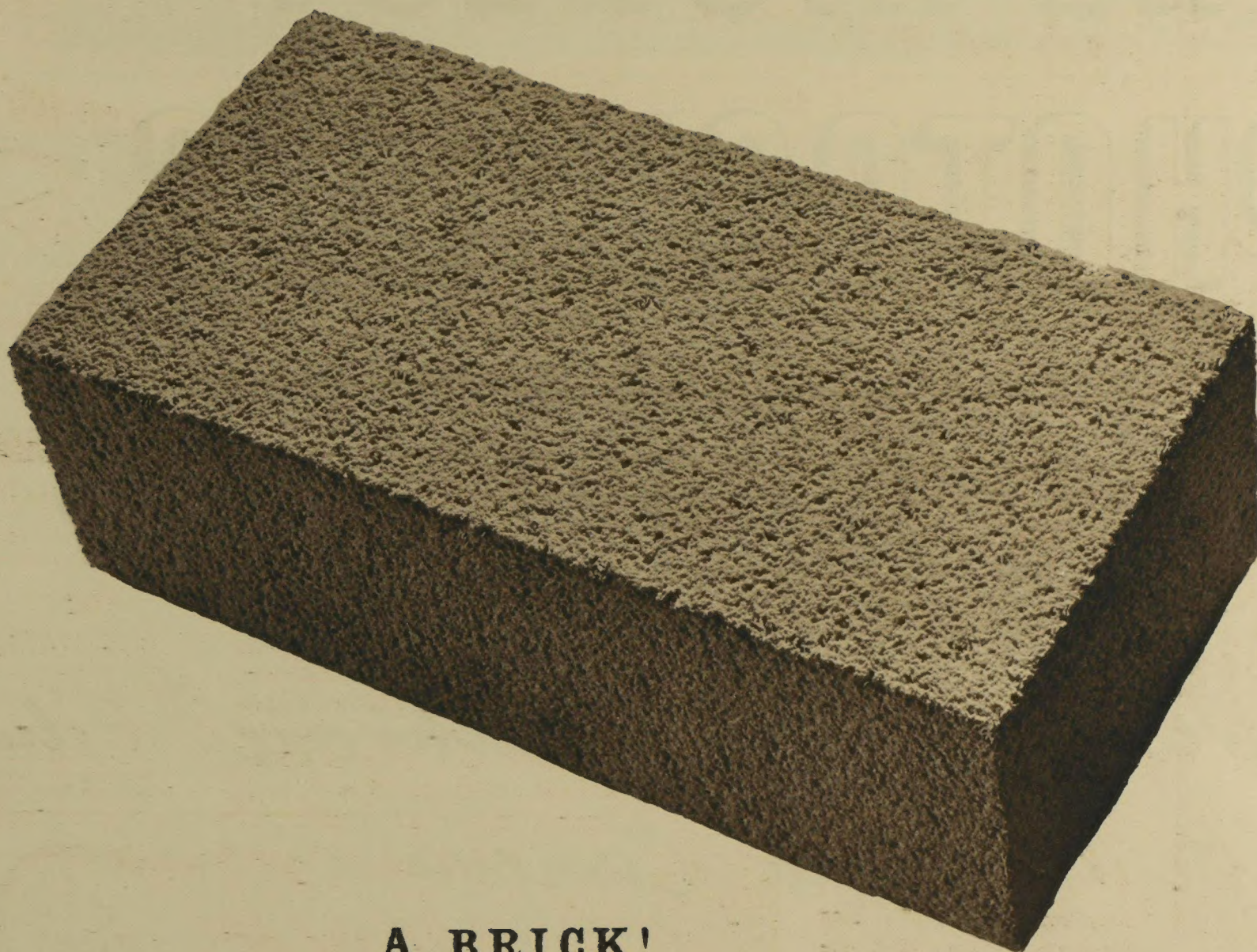


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Easy 22/24 m.p.g. • A car you'll be proud to own
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AND THE ANSWER?



A BRICK!

We have taken this space to tell you that the M.I.28
(one of the new Morgan Refractories) is the modern, WORKING answer
to the by-no-means new theory of the Hot-face Insulator.

(Lay readers are asked to consult the nearest Furnace Maintenance
Engineer. Technical readers are asked to judge this brick
strictly on its merits . . . which means giving it a trial.)

Expensive? Yes, initially.

But . . .

MORGAN

Refractories

ARE WORTH FAR MORE THAN THEY COST

THE HIGHEST PHOTOGRAPHS ON EARTH

were taken on Kodachrome Film
with a Kodak Camera*

KODAK ARE PROUD that all the photographs taken at the summit of Everest were taken on 'Kodachrome' colour film with a Kodak 'Retina' camera.

Other 'Retina' cameras were carried by the high climbing parties whose efforts paved the way for the final assault.

'Kodak' film was used to picture the progress of the great climb from the base camp to the peak.

* 'Kodachrome' colour film from which black and white pictures in newspapers and magazines have been reproduced.

THE VICTORIOUS EXPEDITION TOOK WITH THEM

'Kodachrome' colour film for still and
cine pictures

'Ektachrome' colour film

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equipment

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SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1953.



THE R.A.F.'S GREATEST DISPLAY OF AIR POWER: WASHINGTON BOMBERS PASSING OVER ODIHAM DURING THE FLY-PAST OF 643 AIRCRAFT, AT THE CORONATION REVIEW ON JULY 15.

"I know how much trouble had been taken by those responsible for the arrangements for the review, with the success of which they have every reason to be proud" were the words in which her Majesty congratulated the Secretary for Air after the Coronation Review of the R.A.F. As explained in our issue of July 11, elaborate arrangements were necessary to insure the timing of the

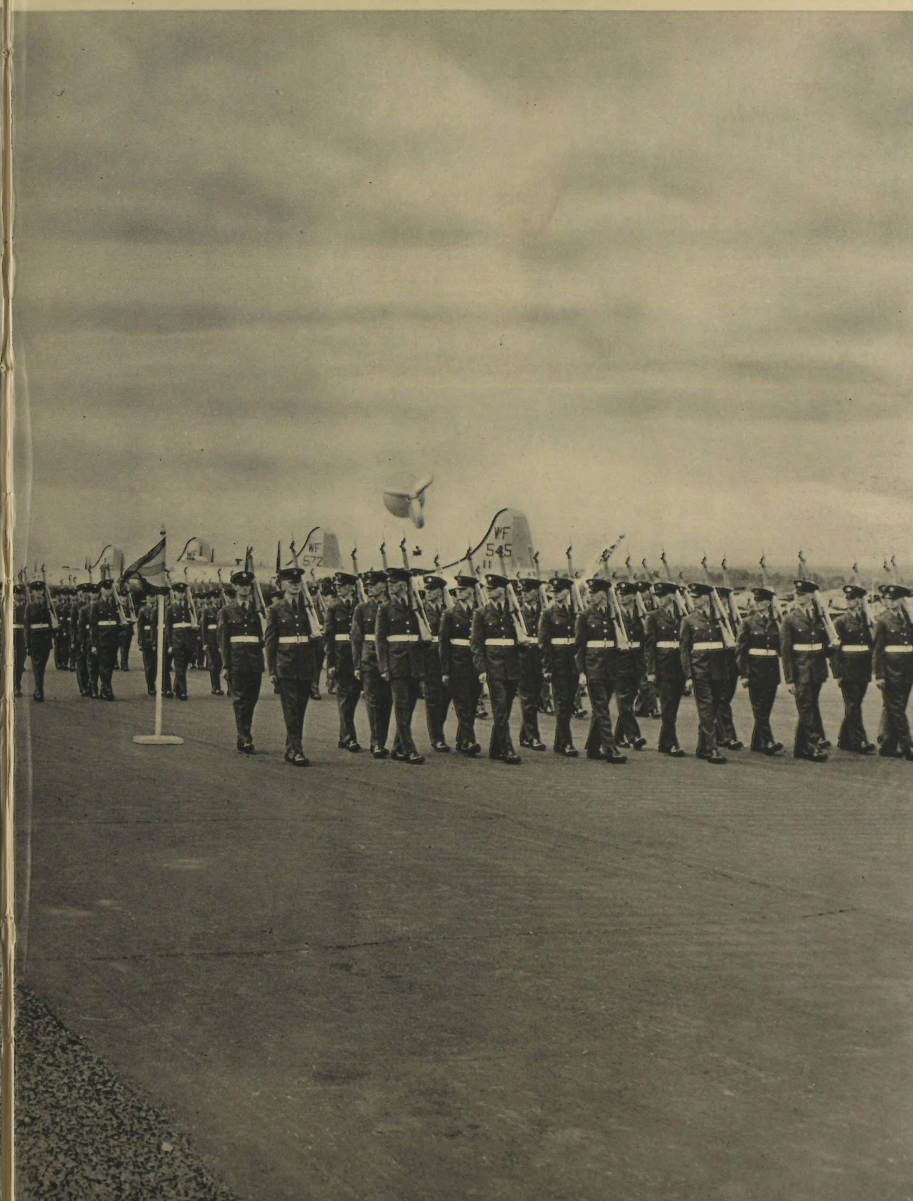
greatest fly-past in the history of the R.A.F. Aircraft ranging from basic trainers flying at 98 m.p.h. to the latest swept-wing supersonic fighters took off from forty-two different airfields and flew with precision over Odiham. The dais from which the Queen and the Duke watched is hidden by the *Washington* bomber on the right. Other photographs of the review appear elsewhere in this issue.



THE SECOND ROYAL REVIEW IN THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: THE QUEEN, WITH THE

The Coronation Review of the Royal Air Force at Odiham, Hants, on July 15, was the second Royal Review in the history of the R.A.F., the first being that held in connection with the Silver Jubilee of King George V. at Mildenhall and Duxford, on July 6, 1935. In both the programme covered the work of the R.A.F. on the ground as well as in the air. The fly-past at Odiham, in which

643 aircraft of thirty types took part, having taken off from forty-two different airfields, is illustrated on our front page. This was preceded by a march-past of 1156 officers, airmen and airwomen at which the Queen took the salute from a dais, with the Duke of Edinburgh, in the uniform of a Marshal of the R.A.F., standing behind her. After luncheon, her Majesty drove slowly down the four parallel



DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEHIND HER, TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST AT ODIHAM ON JULY 15.

lines of the 318 aircraft—representing all Commands of the R.A.F. at home, the 2nd Tactical Air Force in Germany, and the Royal Canadian, Royal Australian and Royal New Zealand Air Forces—in the static display. She spent over an hour in examining this array, in which every aspect of R.A.F. activity was represented. The ground section included some 100 vehicles of various types and

much equipment. Her Majesty left her car at intervals to inspect something more closely and to speak to members of the air or ground crews. During the inspection, *Venoms* of the Central Fighter Establishment "sky-wrote" "Vivat" and the Royal initials, "E.R.," in huge letters, a dramatic display which added further romance to the historic occasion.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THOSE who watched on television the end of the third day's play in the England-Australia Test Match at Manchester will remember how every few minutes play was slightly interrupted by torn pieces of paper blowing across the pitch. The commentator, and I suppose the spectators, seemed to regard these intrusions as a matter of normal form, and cracked one or two of the thin little patter jokes that B.B.C. commentators make to while away the time of themselves and their auditors. And no one who is accustomed to attending popular occasions in mid-twentieth-century Britain—and B.B.C. commentators are very accustomed to it—can feel much surprise by now at the public's habit of discarding its waste-paper wherever it happens to be, without a thought of the consequences. It seems to have become almost the hall-mark of a good democrat to do so. "Mucking in," as it is called, and muck-making seem, unfortunately, to-day to go together. I am told, perhaps wrongly, that on the other side of the Iron Curtain, toilers of all classes who leave litter in public places, if they are ever foolhardy enough to do so, are classed with capitalistic and imperialist hyenas and other enemies of the human race, and are never thereafter seen again by the public or anyone else! They disappear with their own waste-paper. But in Britain and, I have seen it said, in modern America too, no one either restrains himself or restrains others from leaving unwanted litter for others to clear up or not to be cleared up at all. A public space full of blowing paper is our age's most familiar cultural symbol. With the atomic bomb it is to the twentieth century what Chartres Cathedral was to the twelfth. Fortunately, it is rather an evanescent symbol.

Wherever one goes to-day where the public has gone in large numbers, one sees the same thing. A few weeks ago I drove to look at an ancient camp about which I wished to write and which is situated in a particularly beautiful and formerly remote place. It is more than thirty years since I was last there, and its unsullied beauty and peace had left a deep impression on me. That was in the days before the motor-car and charabanc had become ubiquitous, and I had approached it by a lonely footpath across the downs and through little-frequented woods. To-day, however, all this is changed and, though on the afternoon I revisited it—a Monday—there were few others about, the marks were visible of hundreds of car-tracks on the grass approaches to the entrenchments which, though lying on private property, are open to the public. A large notice at the entrance from the high-road proclaimed that the site was scheduled as a historical monument. "The Public," it continued, "are respectfully informed that they are not entitled to access to the site of these Rings and Downlands as of right. Until further notice," however, the permission of — the Owner is hereby granted to the Public to visit the same on the express understanding and condition that the Public avoid any damage and do not leave any litter on the ground." Fortunately, it is not very easy for even the most strenuous picnicker to damage two or three square miles of solid chalk downland. But as regards the "express understanding and condition" that litter should not be left on the ground, I have seldom seen any public injunction more flagrantly disregarded. For acres the ground was a riot of torn, dirty and blowing paper.

So what? Whose fault is it and what is to be done? Are the authorities, public or private, who are the trustees of such places to close them to the public and admit them only to the chosen and learned few who can be trusted to leave beauty as they find it? Or is the police force to be quadrupled in size and thousands of uniformed watchmen to be installed in all places of public resort to prevent needless defilement of our national heritage? Or are we to continue as at present and supinely acquiesce in a carelessness so disgraceful to our supposedly responsible and adult civilisation, accepting it as an unavoidable manifestation of a free democracy? I suggest that there is an alternative to these counsels of despair, and a simple one. It is to educate ourselves as a people to behave with

consideration for the feelings of others and for the national honour. And in a matter like this, it should not be very difficult. No people in the world is so ready as the British to be regardful of other people's feelings once they are made aware that such feelings exist, or to discipline themselves and make sacrifices for the good of the commonwealth. They are a people both inherently kindly and inherently patriotic. But the trouble at present is that scarcely anybody considers it worth while to tell them that bad manners are a species both of brutality and lack of patriotism and social decency. On the contrary, for a whole generation or more bad manners have been built up by journalists, authors, script-writers, cartoonists and others who form public opinion as something almost praiseworthy, a kind of honourable sign of manliness, toughness and egalitarian behaviour and of emancipation

from Victorian bourgeois and reactionary behaviourism. To mind or resent boorishness, slovenliness and ugly manners is, it is suggested by implication, a sign of either effeminacy or fascism. This nonsensical view of human behaviour has been propagated for so long that it has by now become generally accepted by a whole generation of adult citizens, not with any enthusiasm—for anything so dreary and negative could scarcely create that—but with a kind of stolid and unthinking indifference. The next generation is accordingly being brought up without any idea that there are such things as beauty, graceful living and gentle manners. Something very precious in our tradition and heritage is therefore going by default. If it is allowed to continue, in another generation the word gentleman will not only have no economic meaning—which may or may not be a good thing—but it will have ceased to have any moral meaning, which will be a wholly bad and calamitous one. It will also be the end of what we mean by England. We shall have become a nation of yahoos and hooligans, and England, with all its faults, has never been that.

No: "Manners makyth man" is a true saying, and so is St. Paul's "Evil communications corrupt good manners." And good communications can as easily have the opposite effect. A tremendous responsibility rests on those who teach in schools—who, on the whole, realise it, but have to struggle against general social influences beyond their control—and on those who own and write our newspapers, films and broadcasts. When I was a boy there were scores of thousands of men and women who had been brought up in the utmost poverty and with little or no schooling, who displayed in their intercourse with their fellows of all classes the most beautiful, dignified and considerate manners. I have only to think of my old nurse, who came out of a tiny Hampshire cottage swarming with children and with none of the conveniences of modern technical civilisation, or of such a man as my friend Jack Lawson—now, still inhabiting a miner's cottage, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Durham and loved and honoured by everyone who has ever met him—to become

acutely aware of how much, with what has been gained in the past half-century, has also been lost. Fifty years ago it was still habitual—despite the appalling social destruction wrought by nineteenth-century industrialism and *laissez-faire*—for English men and women in every walk of life to regard such manners as something to be emulated and to be proud of. They did so because they listened week after week in church or chapel, or read nightly by their own hearth-sides, the words of those who of old had consistently inculcated "things of good report." The Bible, whatever else it may be—divine or human—is the greatest compilation of noble thoughts and deeds ever brought together and, as such, the greatest single instrument for popular education ever devised. For that education we have substituted *The Daily* — and the weekly or nightly visit to the cinema. To make all who control and write our newspapers and films aware of their educative responsibility seems to me almost the supreme task of our age. For if they do not attempt to fulfil it we shall lose the vision that has sustained us for a thousand years.

THE DEATH OF MR. HILAIRE BELLOC.



POET, HISTORIAN, ESSAYIST, NOVELIST, SATIRIST—AND ONE OF THE FINEST ENGLISH STYLISTS OF THIS CENTURY: MR. HILAIRE BELLOC, WHO DIED ON JULY 16, IN HIS EIGHTY-THIRD YEAR, SEEN BY THE FIRESIDE OF HIS SUSSEX HOME.

Hilaire Belloc was born near Versailles on July 27, 1870, the son of a French father, a barrister of Basque origin and distinguished family, and of an English mother, who was a descendant of Dr. Priestley. He was educated in England at the Oratory School and at Balliol College, Oxford, and served for a year in the French Army. When he was about thirty he became a naturalised British subject and for two years, 1904 to 1906, was a Liberal Member of Parliament. He was a writer of the greatest distinction in all of many fields of literature; and was associated in the closest friendship with Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Maurice Baring—a friendship recorded in the famous "Conversation Piece" of Mr. James Gunn. He was a most devout Roman Catholic and a most vigorous controversialist and apologist on his religion's behalf. His historical work, though faulty in detail, was of the greatest vividness, and its vigour and outlook did much to shake the general Macaulayan stereotype. His satirical novels—especially the "Chesterbellocs" with G.K.C.'s illustrations—had a very wide effect and popularity, and his poems, whether serious, satirical or for children, are all distinguished by their vigour, clarity and incisiveness. He was married in 1896 to Miss Elodie Agnes Hogan, who died in 1914; and they had three sons and two daughters. One son and two daughters survive him. His eldest son was killed in the 1914-18 war, his youngest in the 1939-45 war. Apart from his very great achievements in literature, he is remembered by his friends as an inspiring talker, letter-writer and travel companion by land and water.



(ABOVE.) LEAVING FOR THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER-NOON PARTY AFTER WHICH HE WAS KNIGHTED BY THE QUEEN: MR. (NOW SIR) EDMUND HILLARY (LEFT), WITH MR. W. G. LOWE, ALSO OF THE EVEREST EXPEDITION.

Continued.
family, walked among the guests and through the showers. Later, Commonwealth and other overseas guests were presented to her Majesty in the Royal marquee; and after the garden-party the members of the Everest Expedition and their wives were received by the Queen in the Palace and her Majesty knighted Colonel Hunt and Mr. Edmund Hillary and decorated Tensing with the George Medal. She also presented all the members of the Everest Expedition with specially-engraved Coronation medals. In the evening of the same day a small dinner was given for the members of the Expedition by the Government, which was attended also by the Duke of Edinburgh. Lord Woolton was in the chair. This was followed by a Government reception at Lancaster House in honour of the Everest team, and Viscount and Viscountess Woolton received the guests—who

(Continued below, centre.)

THE QUEEN HONOURS THE CONQUERORS OF EVEREST: A ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY AND GOVERNMENT RECEPTION.

THE QUEEN'S second garden-party of the year at Buckingham Palace on July 16 was marred by rain, which had held off until it was too late to cancel the occasion. There were some 8000 guests, and as can be seen from our photograph, umbrellas were much in use. About four o'clock the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by members of the Royal

(Continued below, left.)

(RIGHT.) ON HIS WAY TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE: TENSING BHUTIA, WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO DAUGHTERS, ACCOMPANIED BY MAJOR AND MRS. C. G. WYLIE. AFTER THE GARDEN-PARTY TENSING RECEIVED THE G.M.



(ABOVE.) A ROYAL VERSION OF RENAISSANCE "LES PARAPLUIES": THE QUEEN AND HER GUESTS DURING THE SECOND AFTERNOON PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WHICH WAS MUCH INTERRUPTED BY RAIN.

Continued.
included Dr. Wyss Dunant, the leader of last year's Swiss Everest team, and M. Raymond Lambert, who last year, with Tensing, reached the then record height on Everest.

AT THE GOVERNMENT RECEPTION FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE EVEREST EXPEDITION, HELD AT LANCASTER HOUSE: (LEFT, L. TO R.) COLONEL SIR JOHN HUNT AND SIR EDMUND HILLARY, WEARING THE CROSS AND RIBBON OF THE K.B.E.; AND (RIGHT) TENSING, WEARING HIS G.M. AND EVEREST MEDAL AND NEPALESE AND INDIAN ORDERS. THE GEORGE MEDAL—THE RIBBON HAS FIVE STRIPES—IS OF THE NEW TYPE, BEARING THE QUEEN'S HEAD, CROWNED.





COMPLETED IN 1944: THE M'EMA DAM, NEAR ESSEKVALE, WHICH CONVEYS WATER THIRTY-THREE MILES TO THE CITY OF BULAWAYO. THE SPILLWAY FOR FLOOD-WATER IS ON THE RIGHT.



PERHAPS THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY-SITUATED OF THE RHODESIAN TOWNS, AT THE FOOT OF THE CHRISTMAS PASS: UMTALI, SHOWING A RESIDENTIAL ROAD.



AN IMPRESSIVE, WELL-DESIGNED BUILDING: THE COUNCIL HOUSE AT GWELO, THE FOURTH LARGEST TOWN IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA, IN THE CENTRE OF THE MIDLANDS.



SEEN ON JULY 10 BY H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER: BIRCHENOUGH BRIDGE, THIRD LARGEST SINGLE-SPAN BRIDGE IN THE WORLD, WHICH SPANS THE SABI RIVER.



SALISBURY, CAPITAL OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA: THE QUEEN MOTHER THERE LAID THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW MULTI-RACIAL CENTRAL AFRICAN UNIVERSITY.



THE GOVERNMENT OFFICE BUILDINGS IN SALISBURY. IN 1923 SOUTHERN RHODESIA BECAME A SELF-GOVERNING COLONY WITH AN EXECUTIVE COUNCIL AND LEGISLATURE.



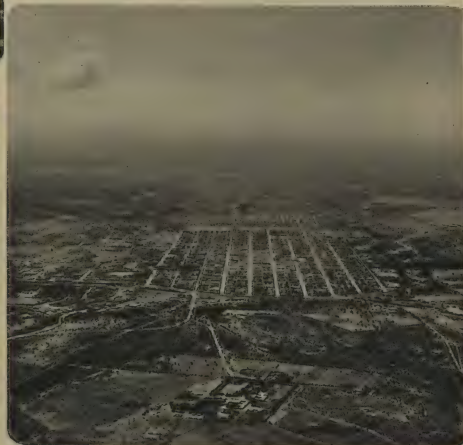
CHARTER HOUSE, SALISBURY, THE HEAD OFFICE OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY WHICH, PRIOR TO 1923, ADMINISTERED SOUTHERN AND NORTHERN RHODESIA.



SHOWING THE SPLENDID WIDE THOROUGHFARE AND ARCADES FOR SHELTER FROM HOT SUN OR HEAVY RAIN: FIRST STREET, SALISBURY.



PROBABLY THE HOME OF ONE FAMILY: A VIEW OF A SMALL NATIVE KRAAL, IN THE VICINITY OF A SMALL PATCH ON WHICH MEALIES ARE CULTIVATED.



FORMERLY THE SITE OF LOBENGULA'S KRAAL: AN AIR VIEW OF THE CITY OF BULAWAYO—OCCUPIED BY THE PIONEER COLUMNS IN 1893, AND CREATED A CITY IN 1943.



WITH THE STATUE OF CECIL RHODES, WHOSE CENTENARY WAS CELEBRATED ON JULY 5 IN BRITAIN AND IN RHODESIA, IN THE FOREGROUND: THE HIGH COURT, BULAWAYO.



THE FAMOUS RUINS OF ZIMBABWE, SITUATED 17 MILES SOUTH-EAST OF FORT VICTORIA, WHICH THE QUEEN MOTHER VISITED ON JULY 11. THEIR ORIGIN HAS STILL NOT BEEN ESTABLISHED.

"ON THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW ADVANCE, A NEW VENTURE OF WIDENING OPPORTUNITY."

The Rhodesia and Nyasaland Federation Bill was given an unopposed third reading in the House of Lords on July 14; and has received the Royal Assent. By this Bill the Central African Federation will be established. On these pages we give views of Southern Rhodesia (150,333 square miles), bounded on the north by the Zambezi River, on the south by the Limpopo River, on the east by Portuguese East Africa

and on the west by the Bechuanaland Protectorate. The region north of the Zambezi is Northern Rhodesia. Prior to October 1923 Southern and Northern Rhodesia were administered by the British South Africa Company. Since then Southern Rhodesia has been administered by a Governor, assisted by an Executive Council and a Legislature. In the debate on the Central African Federation Bill Lord Swinton

SOUTHERN RHODESIA, WHICH IS TO BE ONE OF THE NEW "UNITED STATES OF AFRICA."

said: "By her felicitous visit the Queen Mother has rendered great service, and what a happy augury it was that this Federation should come into being in the centenary year of Rhodes' birth. The lands that bore his name stand on the threshold of a new advance, a new venture of widening opportunity, and how Rhodes would have rejoiced to see this come about." During her visit to Rhodesia,

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother laid the foundation-stone of a multi-racial Central African University on ground overlooking the city of Salisbury; and, among other engagements, she opened the Central African Rhodes Centenary Exhibition at Bulawayo. On other pages we give views of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, the other territories to become "the United States of Africa."

TO BE FEDERATED WITH THE RHODESIAS: THE NYASALAND PROTECTORATE.



(ABOVE.) A PRUNER AT WORK ON A TEA ESTATE IN THE MLANJE DISTRICT; AND (RIGHT) A GENERAL VIEW OF NKATA BAY, ON LAKE NYASA, THIRD LARGEST LAKE OF CENTRAL AFRICA.



YOUNG GIRLS ENGAGED IN HAND-PICKING FIRED TEA, EXTRACTING ODD STALKS AND SO FORTH. THE NYASALAND TEA INDUSTRY CENTRES ROUND MLANJE AND CHOLO, IN THE EXTREME SOUTH-EAST.



SHOWING ITS MODERN CONSTRUCTION, DESIGNED TO STAND UP TO THE CLIMATE: THE FACTORY BUILDING ON THE LUJERI TEA ESTATE.



SHOWING THE WILDNESS OF THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY: AFRICANS CROSSING A FOOTBRIDGE OVER THE RUA RIVER, ON THE LUJERI TEA ESTATE.



WITH A BACKGROUND OF GREAT MOUNTAINS, THEIR LOWER SLOPES CLOTHED WITH THICK FOREST: AFRICAN BOYS AT WORK, PLUCKING TEA ON A NYASALAND TEA ESTATE.

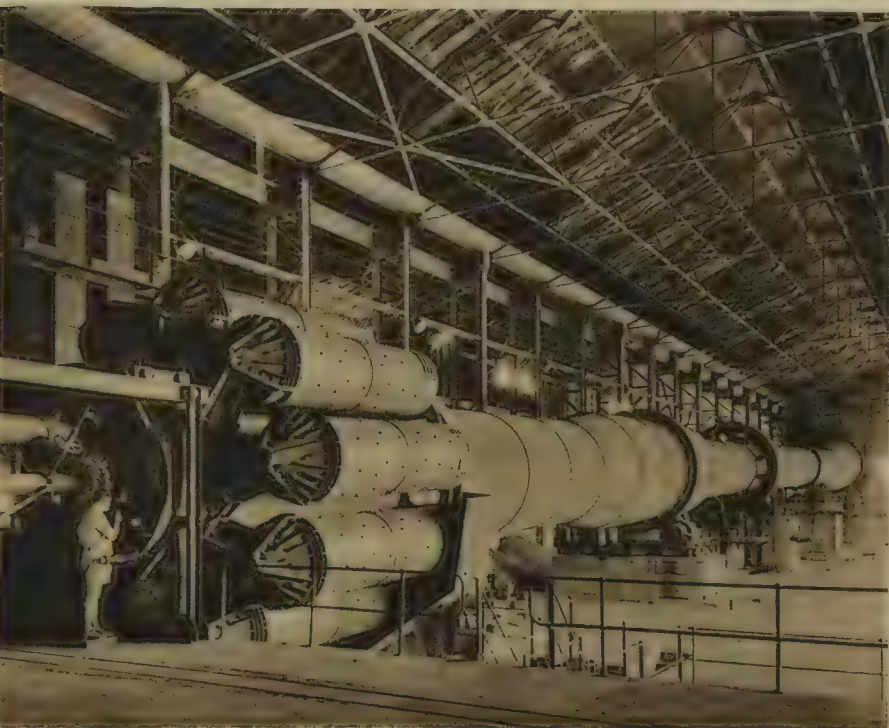
THE Nyasaland Protectorate (land area 37,374 square miles), which lies along the southern and western shores of Lake Nyasa, is one of the three territories which will be joined in the Central African Federation. The African chiefs of Nyasaland have expressed opposition to the Federation; but it is hoped that this is lessening; and the announcement on July 1 that a third African was to be nominated to the Legislative Council shows that the coming of Federation has not held up constitutional advance. Obviously, this appointment will help to increase the number of Africans available for service in the coming Federal Legislature. The modern history of Nyasaland begins with Livingstone's discovery of Lake Nyasa in 1859. Blantyre was founded and, in 1883, the first British Consul was sent out; and a British Protectorate constituted in 1891. Tea, with cotton and tobacco, is cultivated in Nyasaland, and the factory on the Lujeri tea estate is noteworthy for its modern construction. Several airfields, landing-grounds and emergency landing-grounds have been constructed and Blantyre and Lilongwe are suitable for aircraft up to 30,000 lb. gross weight. Regular services for passengers and mails fly between Blantyre, Salisbury and Fort Jameson.



A HANDSOME EDIFICE WHOSE FOUNDATION-STONE WAS LAID IN 1934 BY THE LATE DUKE OF KENT: THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN LUSAKA, NORTHERN RHODESIA.



THE LARGEST UP-TO-DATE AIRPORT IN AFRICA, OPENED IN 1950: AN AIR VIEW OF THE LIVINGSTONE AIRPORT, SHOWING THE RUNWAY, HANGARS AND OTHER BUILDINGS.



AN INDICATION OF THE INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN NORTHERN RHODESIA: A 254-FT. STEEL CYLINDER AT THE HUGE CEMENT KILN AT THE CHILANGA CEMENT FACTORY.

Sixty-three years ago the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland, which are to become the new Central African Federation—the "United States" of Africa—were wild and unknown. Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland were still suffering the inhumanities of the slave trade, and ravaged by internecine battles. This year, centenary of the birth of Cecil Rhodes, founder of the Rhodesias, sees the territories as a potential power-house of the civilised world. Northern Rhodesia has an area

PART OF THE NEW CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION: NORTHERN RHODESIA.



THE POST OFFICE, LIVINGSTONE, FORMER CAPITAL OF NORTHERN RHODESIA: THE CITY, SITUATED SEVEN MILES FROM THE VICTORIA FALLS, IS NAMED AFTER DAVID LIVINGSTONE.



WITH THE AIRPORT IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE AND THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING ON THE RIGHT, CENTRE: A VIEW OF LUSAKA, CAPITAL OF NORTHERN RHODESIA SINCE 1935.



ONE OF THE LATEST INSTALLATIONS AT LUSAKA: THE HUGE NEW MAIZE SILO. EXPANSION OF INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL ACTIVITY HAS MARKED THE POST-WAR YEARS.

of 285,130 square miles, and is situated on the plateau of Central Africa. The capital was in 1935 moved from Livingstone to the centrally-situated Lusaka. The greater part of Northern Rhodesia's cash economy depends on the mining industry, and in particular the production of copper. But since the war there has been a marked expansion of industrial and commercial activity. At the end of 1951 there were 198 manufacturing enterprises in operation.

THE SAGA OF AN INTREPID AND ENERGETIC BRITON.

"SAFETY LAST"; By LIEUT.-COL. W. F. STIRLING, D.S.O., M.C.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

COLONEL STIRLING, in an appendix to his almost breathless book of adventure, with its well-chosen title, tells a story about an encounter between Lord Nelson, then about to set out for Trafalgar and (as he seemed to know) certain death, and an ancestor of the Colonel's. Nelson, as a boy, wanted to go to sea and his friends and

Eritrean and Abyssinian borders and watching the country between the Atbara, Rahad and Duider rivers down to the Blue Nile." Then, in 1913, thinking (mistakenly) that he hadn't a chance of getting into the Staff College, he resigned his commission and went off ranching in Canada. Before long he was back here working for the Asiatic Petroleum Company, in the hope of serving it in Egypt. Those hopes failing, he got to Egypt another way, becoming first Secretary of a club in Alexandria, and then Secretary of the Gezira Club.

He had covered a good deal of ground in a year, and then the 1914 War broke out. He found his way into the Gordon Highlanders (perhaps to return with a little Irish "verve and dash" to the dour Scots?) and then into the R.A.F. as an observer. Before long he had rejoined his old regiment in Gallipoli, was buried by a shell, and sent home paralysed. His next excursion was to Palestine as a Staff Officer. "One day a request came in from our force in Mesopotamia for an officer to give instructions in map-making from air photographs. Luckily we had just the man for the job, a young subaltern who had arrived out

the humblest job which he had yet found. "Two years and more had passed since my return to England, and I was still without work. Bored by inactivity, worried by the inevitable expense of idleness, and moved by curiosity to see how the wheels went round in those great multiple stores which were then springing up all over the country, I joined Marks and Spencer as an assistant porter at their branch in the North End Road. There I spent a happy time unloading lorries, opening orange boxes from Palestine, stacking gramophone records and taking money to the bank. I had some difficulty in explaining how it was I knew so much about the oranges and the marks of the shippers and packers, for in order to get on well with my new companions it was most essential to appear to be a nobody." Variety, as he says, is the spice of life. "One evening, when I was still working as a porter, I was asked to a party at Londonderry House, where decorations were to be worn as Royalty were to be present. Just before leaving, Queen Mary stopped and talked to me for a minute, remarking that she had not seen me for a very long time. Little did she know the sort of job I had been doing that very morning."

He got a rise and became a junior buyer; but then he went off on a far more lucrative job; the making of a film of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom"—ultimately dropped. Next there came a period with Scotland Yard's "Vice Squad," and then textile business in Rumania. Whether he could have settled down in that we shall never know; the 1939 War came along, and, after a brief innings in the Censorship, he was off again to the Balkans, Palestine and Syria, finally being demobilised in 1945. "I had had," he says, "the legitimate satisfaction of remaining on active service, in spite of the War Office, until my sixty-sixth year, and the further satisfaction of having my pension increased from £143 to £160 a year."

I have left certain episodes out: particularly the scheme for a revolution in Liberia which it was hoped to finance with Quaker money, apparently! But there wasn't room for everything. The sub-title of this suitably-titled book might well have been "Never a Dull Moment."

The author never seems to have had one, and he certainly never gives the reader one. If the author hasn't had one, even when the tide of fortune was running most strongly against him, it is because of his own inner resources of courage, humour and unflinching interest in all aspects of life.

If I have unwittingly, because of this rapid catalogue of his changing activities, given a notion of him as merely a happy-go-lucky Jack-of-all-Trades, or carefree adventurer, I should certainly correct it. Some of his jobs he held for a long time and took seriously; and his opinions on men and affairs are always worth listening to. He is especially good on Palestine and Albania (although perhaps not always aware of quite all the considerations which had to be borne in mind by politicians at home), and he is exhilarating in his whole-hearted admiration of Lawrence, as man, organiser and soldier. He points out with justification that Lawrence's hostile critics have been found amongst members of the intelligentsia (often prone to jealousy) who didn't know him; but not among those, least of all the regular soldiers, who served with, or under him.

However, Lawrence wouldn't have cared.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 154 of this issue.



LIEUT.-COLONEL W. F. STIRLING, D.S.O. AND BAR, M.C., AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Lieut.-Colonel W. F. Stirling, author of "Safety Last," was born in 1880, and has led an exceedingly adventurous life. He was gazetted 2nd Lt. The 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers in 1899, and served with distinction in South Africa and with the Egyptian Army, 1906-12. He then retired; rejoined in 1914 and gained further distinction in World War I. He has held various appointments in the Middle East and was Governor of the Jaffa District in the Palestine administration, 1920-23; and Adviser to the Albanian Government, 1923-31. He was Chief Telephone Censor for the Continent, September 1939; and since has been on special service in the Near East for six years, having, he writes, "had the legitimate satisfaction of remaining on active service, in spite of the War Office, until my sixty-sixth year." [Portrait reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers of "Safety Last."]

relations were opposed to it. "At last," said Nelson, "my father, thinking that my mother's brother Lackland might have more weight with me, sent me to London to be with him and let him try his hand in weaning me from the idea but, in the event of his not succeeding, to look out for some Captain to place me with. My uncle tried all the arguments he could use to persuade me to relinquish the idea but; finding he could not succeed, said: 'Well, if what I say has no weight, I will take you to my friend Captain Stirling, an old and experienced officer, who may use such arguments as may induce you to see the matter in a different light. Your father had a long talk with me in which he represented all the disadvantages and difficulties of the Profession, all of which I endeavoured to combat'. At last he turned to my uncle, and said: 'You had better comply with the boy's wishes, his mind is bent upon the sea; it is clear he will do no good in any other profession.' Upon which my uncle got me my ship."

For generations after that the Stirlings were a naval family; his father, the youngest officer since the Napoleonic Wars to reach the rank of post-captain, went down with the *Atalanta* in 1880, the year of the author's birth. His own lifelong originality is indicated by the fact that he elected to go into the Army instead of the Navy, passing into Sandhurst at seventeen; and one of the most surprising things about his most surprising career is that a sailor's trade is about the only one at which he has never tried his hand. He was originally gazetted to the Dublin Fusiliers, his engaging view being that the authorities wished to mitigate the Irish "verve and dash" with an infusion of Scotch dourness. In the South African War he transferred to the Mounted Infantry, winning the D.S.O. for skill and gallantry in the field. He was next (having learnt Arabic) seconded to the Egyptian Army, and went to the Sudan in an Arab battalion, where he was "mostly engaged in patrolling the



THE BEAUTIFUL RED, GOLD AND BLUE COVER OF THE PANORAMA NUMBER ENTITLED "A ROYAL GARLAND."

This special publication, which measures 20½ ins. by 14½ ins., contains reproductions of photographs illustrating all of the greatest and most exciting events which took place during the glorious month of June 1953, and includes, of course, a section dealing with the Coronation. "A Royal Garland" is remarkable, indeed unique, in that the best picture of each event is presented in very large form—19 ins. wide by 12 ins. high. The effect of this is that the scenes shown in "A Royal Garland" are as satisfying to the eyes as scenes viewed on a 17-in. compared with a 12-in. television screen. Apart from the several pages devoted to the actual Coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey, and the Coronation Procession, Decorations and Illuminations, the issue illustrates the Derby, the Gala Performance at Covent Garden, the Thanksgiving at St. Paul's, the Royal Tournament, Trooping the Colour, the Royal visit to the City of London and the Guildhall Luncheon, the great Naval Review at Spithead, the Ascot Meeting, the Royal visit to Scotland and other subjects all beautifully reproduced. "A Royal Garland" is now on sale, price 6s. (6s. 6d. post free), and it may be obtained from any good-class newsagent, or bookstall manager, or ordered direct from the Publisher, *The Illustrated London News*, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

from England in December '14 as G.S.O.3 (I). He was now ordered to proceed to Basra at once, and was given additional instructions to make a report for us on anything he saw there which could be of interest to the Egyptian Expeditionary Force. The name of this subaltern was T. E. Lawrence." Then came the Palestine campaign; and then he received orders to join Lawrence and his Arab Revolt as Chief Staff Officer—an account of his experiences in that connection gives him a fascinating chapter. The war ended, he became a Political Officer in the Middle East, was present at Versailles, accompanied Feisal to England, became Acting Governor of Sinai, and then Governor of Jaffa. His job there ended in 1923; and he next went to Albania for eight years, organising the Ministry of the Interior, and forming a clear view of King Zog. "Of all the statesmen in the Middle East—and I have met most of them—I consider Zog to be by far the most brilliant, the most cultured and the most far-seeing."

In 1931 he resigned his post there, as he had become unpopular with the Italians and the Yugoslavs, neither of whom were interested in that little country getting on its feet. Resourceful as ever, he began exporting dress-models. That failing, and resolved to earn an honest living in whatever capacity, he took

* "Safety Last." By Lieut.-Colonel W. F. Stirling, D.S.O., M.C. With a Foreword by Siegfried Sassoon and an Epilogue by Lord Kinnross. Illustrated. (Hollis and Carter; 18s.)



WITH H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA, SIR JOHN KENNEDY: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE BALL GIVEN AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SALISBURY.



WAVING HAPPILY AS SHE STEPS FROM THE COMET JET AIRLINER AT LONDON AIRPORT ON JULY 17: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, IN A LIGHT SUMMER DRESS.

THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE PRINCESS RETURN HOME: A FELICITOUS VISIT TO SOUTHERN RHODESIA ENDED.



LEAVING THE COMET WHICH HAD BROUGHT THEM FROM SOUTHERN RHODESIA TO LONDON AIRPORT QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET. THE QUEEN, WHO HAD ENTERED THE AIRCRAFT TO GREET THEM, IS BEHIND PRINCESS MARGARET.

THE visit of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret to Southern Rhodesia ended on July 16, when they left Salisbury in a Comet jet airliner and arrived a little before 10 a.m. on July 17 at London Airport, having stopped at Entebbe en route. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh went on board to greet the Royal travellers, and remained in the aircraft for some minutes. The captain of the Comet, Captain A. P. W. Caine, was presented to the Queen Mother, who thanked him for "a wonderful flight." On leaving the aircraft the Royal party were greeted by the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, the Colonial Secretary, the Deputy High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia and other officials. The Queen Mother and the Princess received a great and enthusiastic send-off when they drove through the streets of Salisbury, and before leaving, the Queen Mother sent, on behalf of herself and the Princess, a message to the Governor expressing heartfelt thanks for "the great welcome we have received everywhere in the Colony. To the happy memories of our first visit we have now added countless friendships and experiences which we shall always treasure." One of the last events of the visit was a ball at Government House, Salisbury, at which Princess Margaret looked particularly beautiful in a lace dress with a skirt of graduated flounces.



SAKI TRIBESMEN OF THE MALAYAN JUNGLE WITH A BRITISH ARMY DOCTOR AND THE NAVAL HELICOPTER CREW WHO HAD FLOWN HIM IN. THE SAKI TRIBESMEN ARE WEARING CLOTHES WHICH WERE AMONG THE STORES JUST GIVEN TO THEM.



ONE OF THE AMERICAN-BUILT AND SUPPLIED SIKORSKY S.55 HELICOPTERS, WHICH HAVE BEEN DOING WONDERFUL WORK IN THE MALAYAN JUNGLES IN NO. 848 SQUADRON.



TAKEN FROM A HELICOPTER OVER THE MALAYAN JUNGLE AND SHOWING THE SORT OF CLEARING WHICH THESE NAVAL AIRCRAFT USE WHILE MOVING TROOPS AND STORES.



THE HELICOPTER AS SCOUT: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM ONE OF 848 SQUADRON'S SIKORSKYS OF AN UNSUSPECTED COMMUNIST BANDIT CAMP IN THE HEART OF THE PAHANG JUNGLE.



A BRITISH SOLDIER LANDING BY ROPE FROM A HELICOPTER IN A ROUGH CLEARING. THE FIRST TROOPS DOWN IMPROVE THE CLEARING, AND THE HELICOPTERS CAN THEN LAND.

AIRCRAFT WHICH HAVE REVOLUTIONISED JUNGLE WARFARE: FLEET AIR ARM HELICOPTERS IN ACTION IN MALAYA.

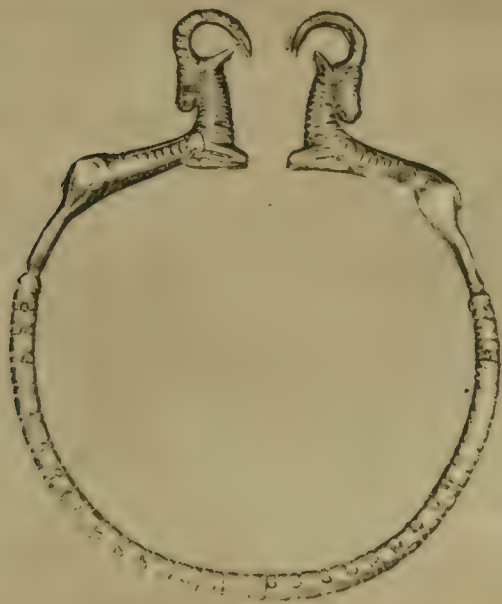
In Malaya the use of helicopters has revolutionised jungle warfare, as it gives the forces of law new eyes to seek out the bandits and their encampments, and the means of attacking them swiftly, effectively and economically. They serve also to relieve and maintain isolated outposts, to collect sick and wounded from remote and difficult places; and to establish contacts with shy aboriginal peoples, who would be the friends of order if they could, or dared to be. The Royal Navy's first operational helicopter squadron, No. 848, formed under the command of Lieut.-Commander Sydney H. Suthers, D.S.C., R.N., and equipped with Sikorsky S.55 helicopters provided by the U.S.A. under Mutual Defence Assistance, arrived



DESTROYING A BANDIT CAMP IN THE JUNGLE, SPOTTED AND ATTACKED BY HELICOPTER. THE HELICOPTER ITSELF CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

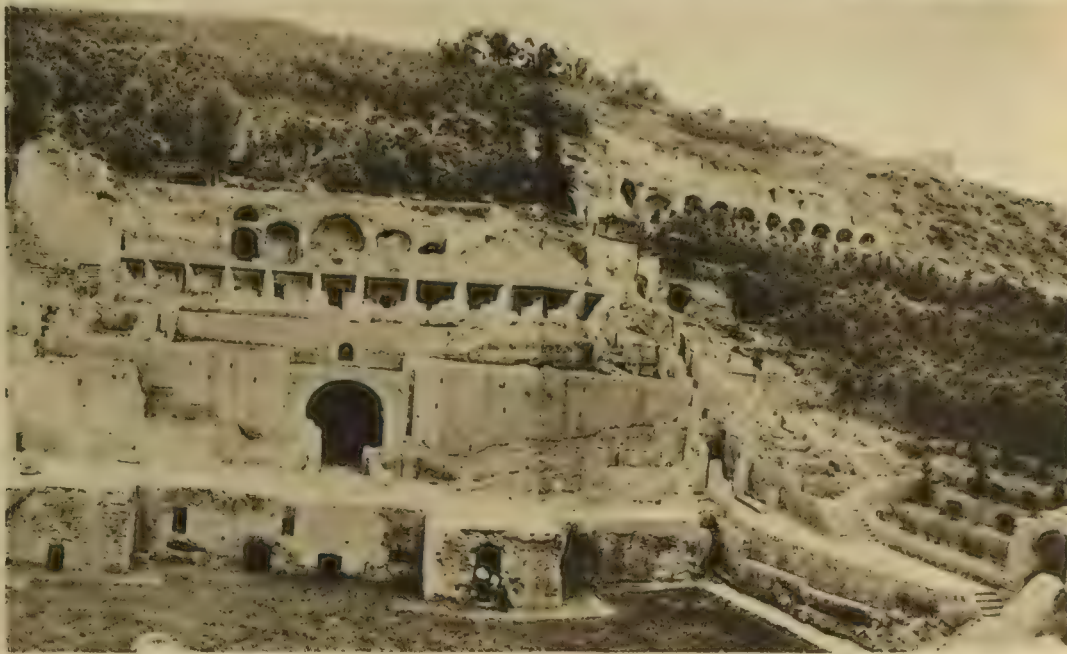
at Singapore on January 8, 1953. Between that date and June 1, it has carried over 4000 troops on operational lifts; and its pilots, who have flown in that period 1500 hours, have moved as well 100,000 lb. of freight. Besides evacuating casualties and dropping leaflets, they have been used for reconnoitring deep jungle; but their main task has been in the movement of troops. On one operation in May, 1800 men were moved in four days; on another, in March, 650 troops and 4000 lb. of freight were moved in 183 sorties and 103 hours. In addition, they have proved of great use in making contact with aboriginal tribes, in helping them and rescuing them from exploitation by the Communists.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY: AN AMERICAN NAVAL RELIC, AND A LONDON STORM.



RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE ART MUSEUM OF ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.: A FINE PERSIAN GOLD BRACELET OF THE ACHÆMENID PERIOD.

The Museum of St. Louis has recently acquired, through the generosity of an anonymous donor, the Persian gold bracelet decorated with leaping ibex which we illustrate. The Director of the Museum considers it will be of special interest in this country "in view of its relationship to other Persian gold armlets preserved in the British Museum as part of 'The Treasury of the Oxus.'"



AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY COMPARABLE IN IMPORTANCE TO THOSE OF POMPEII: A VIEW OF THE NEWLY EXCAVATED TOWN OF BAIÀ, ON THE CAMPANIA COAST, TEN MILES WEST OF NAPLES.

Professor Amadeo Maiuri, Superintendent of Antiquities in Campania and director of the excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum, states that the result of the excavations at Baia are comparable in importance with those of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The ruins of the ancient town, a favourite bathing resort of the Romans in the early days of the Empire, are buried in mud, but excavations have revealed the remains of three bathing establishments, the hot spring of one still active; and a theatre, terraces and sculpture. Baia is said to be named after the helmsman of Odysseus, Baïos.



"SELF-PORTRAIT" BY REMBRANDT: PRESENTED TO THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.

The managers of the Ocean S.S. Company have purchased out of Trust Funds at their disposal the Rembrandt "Self-Portrait" from Lord de l'Isle and Dudley's collection, as a gift to the Walker Art Gallery. It commemorates the work done for Liverpool by three generations of the Holt family, George Holt, his sons Alfred and Philip, founders respectively of the Ocean S.S. Company and the Blue Funnel Line; and Sir Richard Holt and Lawrence Holt.



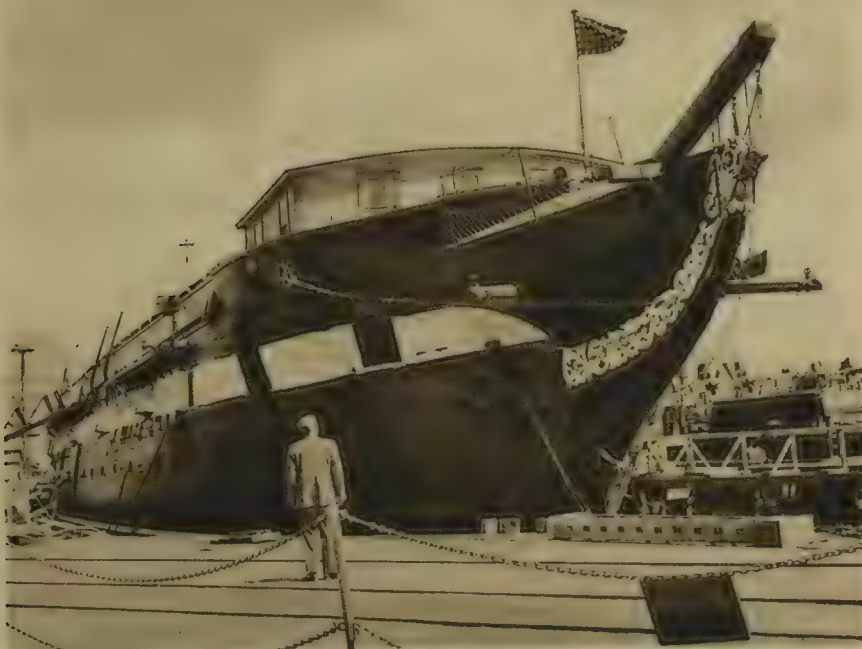
"BATHSHEBA AT HER TOILET"; BY REMBRANDT, PAINTED 1652. ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA.

The National Gallery of Canada early this year acquired three pictures from a European collection at a cost of some £100,000. One is "Bathsheba at her Toilet," by Rembrandt van Rijn (1606-1669), which we illustrate, and the others are two panels by Filippino Lippi, the fifteenth-century Italian painter, illustrating "The Life of Esther." The Rembrandt is the first example of his early period in a Canadian collection.



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST," BY REMBRANDT: SOLD FOR £15,000 FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FAIRBRIDGE SOCIETY.

Rembrandt's "Portrait of the Artist" was presented by Mrs. W. N. Mitchell to the Fairbridge Society in aid of its work for children and the Commonwealth. At Christie's sale on July 10 it was bought in as it had failed to reach the reserve. Sir Alec Martin later announced that he had sold the painting by private treaty to Mr. C. Farkas for the sum of £15,000, the reserve price fixed by the Fairbridge Society.



A HISTORIC U.S. NAVY SHIP IN DANGER OF DEMOLITION: THE 176-YEAR-OLD FRIGATE CONSTELLATION LYING IN THE CHARLESTON (MASS.) NAVY YARD.

Constellation, sister ship to the Constitution, fought in the war of 1812 and the Civil War, and against French privateers and Tripoli pirates. If the sum of 4,000,500 dollars is not raised by private subscription, the old frigate will be demolished.



STORM-DAMAGE IN LONDON ON JULY 17: HUGE BLOCKS OF MASONRY WHICH FELL FROM THE PORTICO OF BURLINGTON HOUSE WHEN IT WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Much damage was done in London by the severe thunderstorm on July 17. A man was killed in Kensington Gardens, and two boys injured by lightning in Edmonton. Masonry fell from the balustrade above the portico of Burlington House when it was struck by lightning; but no one was injured there.

ONCE again Russia has sprung a surprise upon the world and set it guessing. Were the possible consequences of the internal revolution announced on July 10—though certainly carried out earlier—less serious, cynics might permit themselves a smile at the confusion of experts on the announcement of the overthrow of Mr. Beria. Some look upon it as a further reverse for what is called "Stalinism," while others regard it as a return to "Stalinism." They have in truth a puzzling situation to face, because the material on which they must work is so conflicting as evidence. The announcement stresses the importance of collective leadership as the sacred doctrine of Marx and Lenin. Yet it at the same time reveals the collapse of the first serious attempt to establish collective leadership in the triumvirate which has now fallen apart. However, the majority of the experts are able to express opinions which are read or heard within a matter of hours and can keep up a running commentary upon such news as may follow. They are thus in a more fortunate position than I am, because any misinterpretations which they may make will be corrected and forgotten. My errors will be kept on ice.

Let me begin with the basic elements which can be considered reasonably reliable. There are some, but they are slender and do not form a satisfactory foundation on which to build a structure of inference. In the first place, the majority of the experts have been proved right in that a ferocious struggle for power has followed the death of Stalin. The reconstituted political machinery was clearly designed to avoid this, but it has failed, and failed more quickly than seemed probable. We may safely conclude that the explosion which has occurred is internal and due to internal causes. This is not to say that it will not have big results without as well as within, but if the conclusion is correct they will, for a time, at least, be secondary to the revolution within the Government and the party. We may also assume, though with less confidence, that, though the battle is one between wills and ambitions, it is not unconnected with the recent easing of control in districts not inhabited by Great Russians and with recent events in Eastern Germany.

Beyond this the fog is heavy. Many mysterious events have occurred within Soviet Russia, but I can not recall any which it was so difficult to interpret. The core of the mystery is, indeed, astonishing. At the time of writing—I repeat that excuse in case matters become clearer—there is not the slightest indication of what Beria represented, what line he took, whether he seriously influenced recent Russian policy, whether he was in favour of it or opposed to it. Even in Russian affairs it is unusual to see a man engaged in a desperate fight without knowing what he is fighting for or which side he is fighting on. Soviet international policy has been less rigid and more accommodating since Stalin's death. Was Beria behind this change? The talk about his alliance with "Western capitalism" would suggest that he was and that the policy is now repudiated as well as the man; but the statement in *Pravda* is a jumble of worn-out stock phrases, insulting to the intelligence, though perhaps appealing to easily aroused Communist emotions. It would therefore be rash to look for evidence in this strange document.

As I have already suggested, it may well be that all this, extraordinary though it be, is irrelevant. Perhaps we should regard the Kremlin as a tank in an aquarium overcrowded with predatory fish, which have torn one of their number in pieces in order to make more room and may yet find other victims. In that case the revolution may not, after all, bring about a stiffening of the Russian attitude in international affairs. At all events, there was no abrupt change of policy in Eastern Germany. Though the fall of Beria probably took place and almost certainly was decided upon from a week to ten days before it was announced, Russia did nothing to support the East German Government or to compensate it for the grave defeat

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. UNDERGROUND WAR IN SOVIET RUSSIA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

which it had suffered at the hands of the Berlin strikers. The policy of concession in Eastern Germany, at the expense of the power and prestige of a Government hitherto regarded as Russia's protégé, has been even more remarkable than the easing of relations with the United States and the United Kingdom. By the time these lines appear it may be known whether either or both have been reversed, but at least there was no rushed reversal.

The Ryukin affair is past history, but is still worth a word or two of commentary. In April last Beria purged the purgers of the Moscow doctors and is now himself the victim of a purge. His action at that time wore the air of liberalism, but this is provided for in the *Pravda* indictment. Some otherwise obscure phrases in this statement may be intended to explain to the Russian people how it came about that the man who, presumably, intervened to secure justice for the doctors and condemned confessions illegally extorted, should also be the man who aimed at dictatorship and tried to mould the police into an instrument for securing it. The explanation given is that he was compelled against his will to take the action he did, and that even in this he intrigued to further his own sinister purposes. The business of the doctors' plot was so fantastic, regarded by itself, that we are

those who have felt it may be beset by other problems calling for more rapid solution than the relations between Soviet Russia and the United States, the United Kingdom and France. These represent no immediate danger to Russia, whereas internal affairs have clearly done so and may be doing so still. If there should be a reversal of recent Russian policy, it will not take long to reveal itself. A conference on Germany is a different matter. For the rest, a cool, watchful, but unprovocative policy seems to be the best fitted to meet the needs of the near future.

What was to be seen when the blind was lifted afforded proof that the immense change which had taken place in Russia's situation in the world had not been accompanied by a change in the nature of Soviet Communism or of the Governments it produced. This internal battle closely resembles that fought after the death of Lenin. The differences are that decisions in Russia are of far more vital import to the world now, because Russia has become so much more powerful; that then a "foreigner" from Georgia triumphed, whereas now a Georgian has been defeated; and that the world knew roughly what Stalin and Trotsky were fighting for but does not know what is being fought for now. It does not even know for certain whether it was Malenkov who struck down Beria. Yet it can not doubt that what it sees is more typical of the later Roman Empire than of the modern world. Here is a form of society based on tyranny—I use the word in the oldest and least uncomplimentary sense—and violence. It is restrained by no checks in the form of constitutional safeguards, sense of fitness in high places, or public opinion among the

masses. Naked power, unrestrained ambition and the cold-blooded elimination of rivals provide its atmosphere.

This may be taken as a sign of weakness in Soviet Russia. It is assuredly a weakness that such a State should have been unable to evolve anything better than this barbaric background after thirty-five years. It is a weakness that one of the greatest nations of the world should be ever at the mercy of a coup in which the interests involved are purely selfish and have no relation to the interests of the nation. It is a weakness that a Government in a distracted world should be hampered in policy because one group of its Ministers may at any moment fall upon another and do it to death. It is a weakness in some respects to lag so far behind the general level of civilisation. Yet I



THE RULERS OF RUSSIA ONLY NINE MONTHS AGO: AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE OCCASION, LAST OCTOBER, WHEN MR. MALENKOV FIRST APPEARED AS THE POTENTIAL SUCCESSOR OF MR. STALIN. ON THE LEFT, MALENKOV SPEAKS TO THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE SOVIET COMMUNIST PARTY. IN THE FRONT ROW BEHIND HIM THERE LISTEN (L. TO R.) MR. STALIN, MR. KAGANOVITCH, MR. MOLOTOV, MARSHAL VOROSHILOV, MR. KRUSCHEV, MR. BERIA AND MARSHAL BULGANIN.

Since Captain Falls wrote this article on the progress of the underground war in Russia and the significance and the causes of Mr. Beria's downfall, a second wave of purges has occurred; in Georgia, the home state of both Mr. Beria and Mr. Stalin, in the Ukraine and in Latvia. In all of these various local leaders, mainly those in charge of internal security, have been denounced for various pretexts, but principally as being "Beria's men." It is noteworthy that Marshal Bulganin, who in the photograph appears to be exchanging private comment on Mr. Malenkov's speech with Mr. Beria, is among those who have definitely aligned themselves with Mr. Malenkov in the struggle for power and to have thereby thrown the weight of the Army against the power of Mr. Beria's particular weapon, the secret police. A meeting of the Supreme Soviet, the second since the death of Stalin, has been summoned for July 28. It is presumed that the purpose of this meeting will be to approve the action of the Presidium in dismissing Beria and appointing General Kruglov in his place; and it is possible that the new line-up of power in the Kremlin may become apparent. On July 20, it was learnt that Mr. Bagirov, chief Minister of Azerbaijan, had been dismissed.

tempted to consider it a piece of tactics in civil war within the Kremlin; yet it may bear little relation to the fall of Beria.

The glimpse of this struggle which has been accorded is due, as it were, to the momentary lifting of a blind. What was seen was astounding, but the view was limited as well as brief. The blind was at once drawn again, and Moscow resumed its normal air. The Powers of the West were thus given little in the way of a basis for immediate policy. The first reaction in the United States came from Senators who took the view that this was the moment for a campaign of propaganda. If that had proved to be the official American line, I do not think it would have been welcomed or followed in our country. No sign of this, however, has appeared. In fact, Washington and Whitehall seem to be agreed that no reason exists at present for any change of policy. A propaganda campaign now might be taken as evidence of hostility so great that it would arouse unnecessarily a fresh wave of hostility in Russia. Some shrewd judges consider it probable that the easing of Russian foreign policy will now actually be increased, though they do not suggest that this phase will be permanent. It will never be safe to prophesy that.

If, however, a waiting policy seems the most prudent from this point of view, it should logically apply also to advances to Russia. An early four-Power conference on all matters in dispute would seem to be premature. The Kremlin earthquake may take weeks to expend its force. Even after the last shock

suggest that this consideration is but moderately comforting to the nations threatened by Russia. Internal rivalry has often in the past brought about external aggression. Dictatorships may seek to weld together splitting elements by giving them proof that the country is in danger. Thus the weaknesses in the Soviet régime which I have indicated may constitute a grave danger outside the Soviet frontiers, and the moment of greatest weakness may be that of greatest danger.

It must be supposed that the Red Army acquiesced in and supported the overthrow of Beria. If so, it may be taken to be unaffected by this dangerous affair, just as it remained unaffected by the troubles in Berlin. The danger which it represents to Western Europe and the precautions necessary to meet this danger remain at present unaltered. The weaker brethren in the camp, eager to snatch at any excuse for relaxation of effort, may now think that they have found a fine opportunity. General Gruenther showed that he felt some anxiety on this score when he spoke almost immediately after the announcement in *Pravda*. No better reason for relaxation exists now than was the case a year ago. Perhaps the wisest course would be to avoid brooding and pondering too much over the significance of what has occurred in Russia, which will in any event become clearer as time goes on. Let us assume that Mark Antony has been struck down by Octavius Caesar. The subject peoples must have found it hard to find any change in the period which followed.

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN TENSION: THE DISAPPEARANCE OF L.A.C. RIGDEN.



THE IMMEDIATE REACTION TO THE EGYPTIAN REFUSAL TO RETURN THE KIDNAPPED AIRMAN: BRITISH TROOPS TAKING CONTROL OF ALL ENTRY INTO AND EXIT FROM ISMAILIA.



THE BRITISH MILITARY OFFICES IN ISMAILIA: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE STATE OF TENSION FOLLOWING THE KIDNAPPING.



AN AIR VIEW OF ISMAILIA, IN THE SUEZ CANAL ZONE—THE SCENE OF THE KIDNAPPING OF L.A.C. RIGDEN AND THE IMPOSITION OF BRITISH MILITARY TRAFFIC CONTROL AFTER THE EGYPTIAN FAILURE TO RETURN THIS MAN.



LEADING AIRCRAFTMAN RIGDEN, WHO WAS LAST SEEN ON JULY 9, IN COMPANY OF AN EGYPTIAN OFFICER AND A NOTORIOUS EGYPTIAN AGENT.



A BRITISH MILITARY REPRESENTATIVE (SECOND FROM LEFT) PRESENTING TO THE SUB-GOVERNOR OF ISMAILIA THE DEMAND FOR THE RETURN OF LEADING AIRCRAFTMAN RIGDEN.



DURING THE PERIOD OF MILITARY TRAFFIC CONTROL IN ISMAILIA AFTER THE KIDNAPPING OF THE BRITISH AIRMAN: AN ARMED PARATROOPER SEARCHING MEMBERS OF A BUS QUEUE.

After a number of somewhat similar incidents and the shooting of a British soldier in Ismailia, on July 11, the British military authorities in the Canal Zone informed the Sub-Governor of Ismailia that they took an extremely serious view of the disappearance of Leading Aircraftman Rigden in Ismailia on July 9, and that if this airman was not returned by the morning of July 13, measures would be put into force which would cause serious disruption and inconvenience to the Egyptian community in Ismailia. This letter to the Sub-Governor was described by Major Saleh Salem, the Egyptian Minister for National Guidance, as an "ultimatum" and at a Press conference he added: "We are most anxious to

see blood flowing again." Cairo and most other Egyptian Ministers, however, remained relatively calm; and the traffic control which was set up by the British Army authorities in Ismailia caused little disturbance. Concerning the disappearance of L.A.C. Rigden, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd said in the House: "So far as the implication of Egyptians is concerned, Rigden was last seen in the company of an Egyptian officer and a notorious character who is believed to work for the Egyptian Army intelligence and who is known to have taken part in a similar action previously of an anti-British character." At the date of writing, there was no further news of L.A.C. Rigden.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

FARRER'S THREE BUDDLEIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ON his first Far Eastern expedition with W. Purdom, about 1915, Reginald Farrer collected and introduced three new Buddleias

to cultivation. These were *Buddleia alternifolia*, *B. farreri* and *B. davidi* var. *nanhoensis*. Of the three, *Buddleia alternifolia* is the most important. In fact, it ranks very high indeed among the best hardy, deciduous flowering shrubs. Not only is it a shrub of outstanding grace and beauty, but it will flourish in practically any type of soil. I remember a huge bush of it in the acid, peaty soil which suits rhododendrons so well at Exbury in Hampshire, whilst at Highdown, Colonel F. C. Stern's garden near Worthing, on almost pure chalk, it had reached a height of 16 ft. some twenty years ago, and appeared to be still going strong. Here, in my Cotswold garden, a young pot-grown specimen of *alternifolia*, planted three years ago in a heart-breaking soil, stiff, sticky and full of broken stone, it has already reached a height of 8 ft., and as much through, and has flowered superbly this summer—mid-June and early July.

In general habit, *Buddleia alternifolia* is like a weeping willow in bush form, with thick main stems shooting stoutly up in the centre, from which long, slender branches and twigs cascade outward and downward in all directions. It is on these long, slender branches that the plant flowers. Each one is roped from end to end—and many on my specimen were 3, 4 and 5 ft. long—with myriads of small, fragrant, lilac blossoms, arranged in close clusters around the stem, each cluster about an inch through, and strung like beads on a cord an inch or so apart. At flowering-time not a leaf was to be seen. But directly flowering was well over, the bush began to bristle with young, leafy shoots springing from the main stems and trunks. It is at this juncture that *B. alternifolia* should be pruned. Those slender, weeping branches were all produced last summer, and now, having flowered, they should all be pruned clean away, so as to relieve the bush of the exhausting process of producing masses of seeds. The energy

sprawling too widely. But it is the removal of all branches which have flowered that is most important. In selecting a suitable position for *B. alternifolia*, it should be remembered what a hearty ramper it is. I am wishing already that I had given mine more elbow-room among its neighbours. The best solution of all would be to give it an open, isolated position, where it can grow as tall and as wide as it pleases, and display its inimitable grace of habit without

and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles," that "it has proved hardy in a sheltered nook at Kew, and there are bushes 10 ft. high and as much wide. Its flowers are liable to be injured by spring frosts." Farrer planted a specimen against the wall of his home, Ingleborough, in north-west Yorkshire, and I knew it there as an 8- or 9-ft. bush for many years, and once I saw it in flower there. But I was not greatly impressed. The big leaves were striking, thickly coated as they were with a silky white felt. But the rather smallish plumes of pinkish-lilac flowers were disappointing. Whether that specimen is still there I do not know, nor do I know whether the plant was swaddled in straw and sacking each winter. I should think it probably was. I expect, too, that if I had discovered, collected and introduced it, I would have gone to the trouble of winter cossetting. Not otherwise.

Farrer's third *Buddleia*, *B. davidi* var. *nanhoensis*, is a delightful shrub, which, unfortunately, has never become well known. It is, in effect, a dainty miniature form of the popular *B. davidi*, better known as *B. variabilis*, and personally I greatly prefer it to the type in its various colour forms—lilac, violet, reddish-violet and crimson. To me there is something rather coarse and gross about the type's forests of rank stems, with their big leaves and congested flower plumes. Butterflies, of course, adore them, especially the Peacocks and Red Admirals. If only they would realise how much more beautiful they would look crowding on to any other flowers! But then perhaps few other flowers afford such facilities for getting drunk. But Farrer's little *B. davidi* from Nanho has no suspicion of gin-palace coarseness about it. Farrer gave me a small specimen in a pot, which I planted out in a mixed border, where it grew and flowered for many years, and never reached more than 6 ft. or so. But I pruned it in an unconventional way. The usual method with *davidi*, in all its



THE MOST IMPORTANT OF FARRER'S THREE BUDDLEIAS: *BUDDLEIA ALTERNIFOLIA*, GROWN (ABOVE) AS A STANDARD AND (RIGHT) AS A BUSH OF WEeping SPRAYS.

Each long, slender branch "is roped from end to end... with myriads of small, fragrant, lilac blossoms, arranged in close clusters around the stem, each cluster about an inch through, and strung like beads on a cord an inch or so apart. At flowering-time not a leaf was to be seen. But directly flowering was well over, the bush began to bristle with young, leafy shoots."

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.

competition and without interference. If available garden conditions forbid such ample living space, there is an alternative. It may be grown as a standard—a weeping standard. This is quite easily managed. A healthy young specimen may be planted out in its chosen position, and in its second year after planting, when its roots are really active, one single shoot, the strongest, springing from the base, should be selected to become the standard's trunk. All other growth should be cut away and the chosen one trained up and tied to a stout stake. When it has reached the desired height, say 5 or 6 ft., its growth should be stopped. The tip of the growing shoot pinched out. This will cause it to start branching out near the top. All lower side shoots must be removed as they appear. A well-established specimen should be capable of producing a stout 5- or 6-ft. stem with a head of side shoots atop in the course of a single summer. After that the routine will be the removal of all flowering shoots directly the blossoms have faded, so as to encourage a good crop of weepers to flower the following year.

In certain circumstances and in small gardens this weeping standard formation may be the only way of finding room for *Buddleia alternifolia*, though I confess I much prefer the more natural weeping bush growth.

Buddleia farreri has not turned out a successful and satisfactory garden plant in this country. The new R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening" says that it is not hardy. Bean, on the other hand, says in his "Trees



forms, is to prune down all top hamper each spring to within a foot of the ground. The stool then throws up a rampant mass of shoots, which all flower at their extreme summits. Whereas *B. alternifolia* flowers on the growths which it produced last summer, *B. davidi* flowers on the tips of the current year's growth. With my *B. d. nanhoensis* I left a framework or skeleton of permanent stems about 5 ft. high, and instead of pruning the whole thing down to within a foot of the ground, I shortened back all last year's branches close to the main central skeleton of trunk and branch. The result was that I had a 6-ft. bush clothed with innumerable flower plumes, spraying out at every point from top to bottom, instead of at the top only.



"FARRER'S THIRD BUDDLEIA, *B. DAVIDI* NANHOENSIS, IS A DELIGHTFUL SHRUB WHICH, UNFORTUNATELY, HAS NEVER BECOME WELL KNOWN. IT IS, IN EFFECT, A DAINY MINIATURE FORM OF THE POPULAR *B. DAVIDI*, BETTER KNOWN AS *B. VARIABILIS*." THIS CHARMING SHRUB, WITH "NO SUSPICION OF GIN-PALACE COARSENESS ABOUT IT," IS HERE SHOWN WITH A HUMAN FIGURE GIVING THE SCALE, IN A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MR. ELLIOTT HIMSELF A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO.

that would have gone into seed bearing can then go into the formation of vigorous new shoots to flower next summer. At the same time it may be found convenient to remove whole main branches, either to avoid too-congested a bush, or to restrain it from

N.B.—Colour Supplement included here.



THE GLORIOUS CONQUEST OF EVEREST IN UNIQUE COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS. TENSING (LEFT), HOLDING THE FLAGS WHICH HE UNFURLED ON THE SUMMIT, WITH HILLARY AND OTHERS.

The recent return to this country of the members of the victorious British Mount Everest Expedition has provided an opportunity for the expression of the rejoicing which the news of the conquest of the world's highest mountain evoked in this country. On this page and on following pages we show reproductions from natural colour Kodachromes taken by members of the expedition high up on the slopes of Everest before, during, and after the moment of triumph. A brilliant achievement, somewhat overshadowed by the final victory, was the assault on the

South Summit on May 26 by Bourdillon and Evans, who climbed higher than any men before them and paved the way for the conquest of the mountain on May 29. Colonel John Hunt, the leader of the expedition, and E. P. Hillary, on whom the Queen has graciously conferred a Knighthood and a K.B.E. respectively, and the gallant Sherpa, Tensing, who has been awarded the George Medal, have stated time and again that each member of the expedition played his vital part in the ultimate success which was the triumph of a team of men rather than individuals.

Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times."



NEAR CAMP IX, ON THE WAY UP FROM THE SOUTH COL: HILLARY (LEFT) AND TENSING PHOTOGRAPHED BY GREGORY. IT WAS AT CAMP IX, PITCHED PERILOUSLY ON A TWO-LEVEL PLATFORM AT ABOUT 27,000 FT., THAT HILLARY AND TENSING SPENT THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FINAL ASCENT.



FLOODING EVER UPWARDS: HILLARY, WITH HIS ICE-AXE IN HIS HAND, AND WEARING THE OXYGEN APPARATUS WHICH PLAYED SUCH A VITAL PART IN THE ULTIMATE TRIUMPH, SEEN IN A REPRODUCTION FROM A NATURAL COLOUR KODACHROME TAKEN BY GREGORY.



ENJOYING DRINKS THAT WERE NEVER BETTER EARNED: TENSING (LEFT) AND HILLARY BACK IN CAMP AFTER THEIR CLIMB TO THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST. A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TWO WEARY BUT HAPPY HEROES WHICH WAS TAKEN BY THEIR COLLEAGUE G. C. BANO.

THE story of the establishment of Camp IX, on the eve of the final assault on the summit is nearly as dramatic and exciting as that of the ultimate triumph itself. This camp, described variously as Camp VIII, or Camp IX, was at an estimated 27,000 ft., and was incomparably the highest camp ever put up on a mountain. At 2.0 p.m. on May 28, Lowe, Gregory, the Sherpa Angima, Hillary and Tensing, all carrying heavy burdens and feeling extremely tired as the result, were plugging slowly up the steep ridge below the South Summit and anxiously looking for a possible camp site. Just when they were feeling rather desperate, Tensing remembered a possible tent site just below Lambert's Point. After a further climb over steep and difficult slopes, they finally found a comparatively flat space beneath a rocky bluff. It was then 2.30 p.m., and Gregory, Lowe and Angima, their mission brilliantly accomplished, returned

(Continued opposite.)



THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH WHEN TWO MEN REACHED THE SUMMIT OF THE WORLD: TENSING HOLDING ALOFT THE FLAGS OF GREAT BRITAIN: NEPAL: INDIA: AND THE UNITED NATIONS, SEEN IN A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY HILLARY ON THE TOP OF THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.

Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times."



HIGH ON EVEREST DURING THE CLIMB TOWARDS CAMP IX: HILLARY, WITHOUT HIS OXYGEN MASK, AND TENSING (RIGHT), PHOTOGRAPHED BY GREGORY WHO, WITH LOWE AND THE SHERPA ANGINMA, CARRIED LOADS UP TO THE FINAL CAMP BEFORE THEY HURRIED BACK TO THE SOUTH COL.



THE SHERPA WHOSE NAME WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY: TENSING, WHO WITH HILLARY SHARED THE DANGERS AND TRIUMPH OF THE FINAL ASSAULT. THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN BY GREGORY, SHOWS THE LHOTSE-NUPTSE RIDGE IN THE BACKGROUND.



ON THE SLOPES OF EVEREST: A SHERPA ADJUSTING HIS LIFE-GIVING OXYGEN-SET. DURING THE FINAL ASSAULT HILLARY HAD TO REDUCE THE OXYGEN SUPPLY TO THREE LITRES A MINUTE, INSTEAD OF THE FOUR PLANNED, OWING TO LIMITED SUPPLIES.

(Continued.)

with all speed consistent with safety to the Camp on the South Col. Hillary and Tensing were left alone in their eryie where they spent the next two hours pitching a tent on the snow-covered rock. The tent platform was on two levels, with a step in the middle. Tensing put his mattress on the lower shelf, overhanging the steep slope below, and Hillary spent the night half-sitting and half-reclining on the upper shelf. During the night the temperature fell to minus 27 deg. Centigrade, and there was only sufficient spare oxygen for four hours' sleeping on one litre a minute. At 4 a.m. the men hauled their boots over the Primus stove, drank large quantities of lemon juice and sugar, followed by sardines and biscuits described by Tensing as "paradise." Finally, at 6.30 a.m., fully dressed in their special clothing and having tested and checked their oxygen equipment, the two men left Camp IX, and started up on the final assault, which was crowned with success.

TAKEN HIGH ON EVEREST BEFORE, AT AND AFTER THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH: COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS ILLUSTRATING ONE OF THE GREATEST CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF MAN'S ADVENTURE AND ENDURANCE.



STRETCHING INTO THE DISTANCE LIKE A GIANT RELIEF MAP: THE MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY AROUND EVEREST SEEN IN A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE VERY SUMMIT OF THE GREAT PEAK BY HILLARY. WHILE HILLARY TOOK PHOTOGRAPHS, TENSING MADE A TOKEN OFFERING OF VARIOUS ARTICLES OF FOOD TO THE GODS.



MIGHTY MAKALU: A VIEW OF THE IMPOSING 27,790-FT. PEAK AS SEEN BY HILLARY AND TENSING, AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY HILLARY, FROM THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST. CAMP IX, WHERE THE CLIMBERS SPENT THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FINAL ASSAULT, WAS AT A GREATER HEIGHT THAN THE SUMMIT OF MAKALU.

CONQUEROR'S-EYE VIEWS OF THE COUNTRY AROUND EVEREST: SCENES NEVER BEFORE BEHELD BY MAN, PHOTOGRAPHED BY HILLARY ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

Hillary and Tensing left Camp IX, the eyrie perched perilously beneath a rocky bluff at about 27,900 ft., at 6.30 a.m. on May 29. At 11.30 a.m., the two intrepid climbers achieved the triumph for which so many had striven for so long. After shaking hands and thumping each other on the back Hillary started to take a series of photographs,

two of which are reproduced on this page. While he was taking them he removed his oxygen set, but found that after ten minutes he was becoming very clumsy, so he quickly replaced it. The two men looked unsuccessfully for any signs of Mallory and Irvine, who were last seen attempting the final ascent in 1924.

Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times."

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

PARISIAN HOLIDAY.

By ALAN DENT.

BYRON'S gladiator bleeding to death in the arena, with his last thoughts fixed upon his rude hut by the Danube, was declared to be "butcher'd to make a Roman holiday." Similarly, half the comic talent of England—headed by Alastair Sim and Margaret Rutherford, Ronald Shiner and Jimmy Edwards—must be declared to have been butchered, by the new film called "Innocents in Paris," to make a Parisian one.

Literary critics confronted with a volume which has simply been slung together with an *ad hoc* purpose, talk of mere book-making as distinct from literary creation. In this same sense "Innocents in Paris" is film-making pure and simple. It has no plan or cohesion, no prevailing mood, no well-spring of wit or imagination. It has not even characterisation. It has nothing but stars, and stars being nothing but themselves in the course of a week-end in Paris. And even the Paris they fly to and fly back from is not itself: it is, instead, the Gay Paree of the music-hall and the spectacular revue.

Seldom has so much talent been conglomerated to such little purpose. Try, in the first place, to imagine a film in which Mr. Sim—this time a dour potentate in the Treasury—does not so much as meet, much less converse with, Miss Rutherford—this time a frumpish painter. If these two wonders of Nature had even banged into one another for so much as a split second in the Customs, for example, we should have been ready to forgive the authors of this film for many sins of omission and commission. These two might have been trusted to engender their own wit out of any sort of collision. As it is, they exist utterly apart, for the film's purposes, and they go their own ways. Mr. Sim miraculously prevails upon a Russian diplomat to utter a single "Yes" after an ominous

Are the other luminaries any better served? They are not. Jimmy Edwards has to be the kind of Englishman who, on arriving in Paris, smells out an English pub with English beer and takes no more exercise or diversion than can be obtained from walking between the counter and the dartboard. This, of course, Mr. Edwards does with genius and with a loud and hearty smile. But how they managed to suppress Mr. Edwards' own comments on his practically wordless as well as eventless part is one of this film's deepest mysteries!

For the rôle of a big drummer in the Band of the Royal Marines they chose that excellent Cockney farceur, Ronald Shiner. The Band has to officiate at the unveiling of a statue to Lord Byron. But here again opportunities for either satire or plain fun are sedulously missed, and the episode serves no function whatever (except to remind me of a nice and appropriate quotation with which to begin my article). For the rest of his time Mr. Shiner is asked to do hardly anything else except to gaze open-mouthed at the winning ways of cabaret-artistes on and off the Place Pigalle.

The catalogue of waste is by no means at an end. Claire Bloom, the quite exquisite Juliet of the Old Vic last year, has been cast in this film for the part of a peculiarly naïve little noodle who is picked up at the airport by a sleek French gentleman with greying hair, and given what the character would call "ever such a nice time." She does, in fact, remark that she "can't wait to tell Mother all about it," and she repays the kind gentleman's almost completely disinterested generosity by cooking him a nice English Sunday lunch. Claude Dauphin's very French expression of polite nausea when confronted

But then, this is an oddly futile film altogether. Why—the reader may ask—do I, therefore, spend so much time and space in describing its commonplace comings and goings? The answer is plain. It is



"PÉPÉ LE MOKO," "AN INTENSELY AND GENUINELY FRENCH FILM" REVIVED AT THE ACADEMY: PÉPÉ (JEAN GABIN) WITH GABY, THE PARISIENNE COCOTTE (MIREILLE BALLIN), WHO REPRESENTS THE PARIS HE HAS NEVER BEEN ABLE TO GET OUT OF HIS MIND.

because this film—perhaps on account of this same commonplaceness—will take a great deal of money up and down the country. It will take a great deal more, for example, than the revived and nearly twenty-year-old "Pépé le Moko," directed by Julien Duvivier. This, though it is set in Algiers, is an intensely and genuinely French film. It has far more of the essential Paris in each minute of its course than there is in the whole 103 minutes of the British film which is going to draw the crowds. It has integrity, excitement, and a high degree of both peril and pathos.

Yet so cynical have recent events tended to make me that I doubt very much whether "Pépé le Moko," now it is available again, will attain to anything like the success achieved by its cheap, watered-down, Hollywood version called "Algiers." Very much *à propos* I have just received an impressive list of nearly 200 cinemas in Great Britain which are now showing French



MR. ALASTAIR SIM, AS "A DOUR POTENTATE IN THE TREASURY," ACCIDENTALLY TAKES HIS ASPIRIN IN VODKA: A SCENE IN "INNOCENTS IN PARIS," AT THE EMPIRE, A FILM WHICH "HAS NOTHING BUT STARS, AND STARS BEING NOTHING BUT THEMSELVES IN THE COURSE OF A WEEK-END IN PARIS, AND EVEN THE PARIS THEY FLY TO AND FLY BACK FROM IS NOT ITSELF . . ."

series of "Noes," and thereafter goes off on a spree which costs him his watch and his cuff-links over and above all that a potentate in the Treasury can command in the way of a travel-allowance. Mr. Sim conducts his business with an anguished glare, and conducts his pleasure without so much as a fleeting smile. He has an undisguisable air of feeling rather sorry for himself, and we can not wonder at it.

Miss Rutherford has, if possible, even less opportunity to amuse us in any of her wonted ways. There is some business about her selling one of her paintings, to her own deep astonishment. But this is badly muffed. For the rest of the time she paints and paints, and is distracted a little by rude passers-by and commentators (in Paris, of all places, where amateur painters are as common as tourists are in London). The only semi-exciting thing that happens to her is that she purchases a copy of the "Mona Lisa" and has no difficulty in passing it through the Customs on her return, since it is declared on sight to be worthless. For a hopeful second we thought there might be a glimmering of a satirical idea here, and that Miss Rutherford might be the innocent medium of a gang trying to smuggle a genuine Leonardo into England! But we were wrong—certain such a hope.

with the spectacle of some very English boiled cabbage, which must be despatched somehow, is perhaps the nearest the whole film comes to a piece of acting.

There is, finally, Laurence Harvey, that obstreperously good-looking young actor who was a worthy Orlando to Margaret Leighton's delectable and unforgettable Rosalind at Stratford-on-Avon last year. What does Mr. Harvey do with himself now? He dresses up as a French floor-waiter, affects some convincingly broken English, and answers the bell rung by a seductive little adventuress—answers it at such length that all the other bells on the same floor ring vainly for the next half-hour or so. That is all Mr. Harvey has to do, and it seems an oddly futile way for a young actor to spend the interim between playing Orlando at Stratford and Romeo (as he is doing now in a film-version) at Verona.



"FOR A HOPEFUL SECOND WE THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE A GLIMMERING OF A SATIRICAL IDEA HERE": MISS MARGARET RUTHERFORD, AS A FRUMPISH PAINTER IN "INNOCENTS IN PARIS," DECLARES TO THE CUSTOMS SHE HAS BROUGHT BACK THE "MONA LISA" FROM THE LOUVRE. MISS RUTHERFORD AND MR. SIM, "THOSE TWO WONDERS OF NATURE," NEVER MEET IN THE FILM—A REMARKABLE OMISSION.

and Italian films. It is a cheering array at first glance, but a second glance reveals that something like 150 of these are showing in the current week "The Seven Deadly Sins." This is a capital film in its way, and I have already revelled in it on this page. But I have no doubt in the world that the provinces are flocking to it for quite extra-aesthetic reasons. Good authority informs me that Hollywood has for some time been kicking itself for not thinking first of such a brilliantly obvious catch-penny title.



AT THE GOVERNMENT RECEPTION AT LANCASTER HOUSE: THE BRITISH MOUNT EVEREST TEAM, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND VISCOUNT WOOLTON. Our photograph shows: (front row, l. to r.) Lord Woolton, Sir Edmund Hillary, the Duke of Edinburgh, Tensing Bhutia, G.M., Colonel Sir John Hunt, Mr. C. W. F. Noyce. In the back row can be seen with others Mr. A. Gregory, Mr. Bourdillon, Major C. G. Wylie, Mr. W. G. Lowe, Dr. M. P. Ward, Mr. C. C. Band, Mr. W. H. Westmacott and Dr. L. G. C. Pugh.

SOME ROYAL OCCASIONS, THE EVEREST RECEPTION, AND THE ALPINE RALLY.



WINNERS OF A COUPE DES DAMES AND OF A COUPE DES ALPES IN THE SIXTEENTH RALLYE DES ALPES: MISS SHEILA VAN DAMM (LEFT) AND HER CO-DRIVER, MRS. ANNE HALL, IN THEIR SUNBEAM ALPINE CAR. THEY WERE COMPETING IN THE INTERNATIONAL ALPINE RALLY FOR THE FIRST TIME. FOUR SUNBEAM ALPINE CARS WON COUPES DES ALPES IN THIS TESTING MEETING.



THE QUEEN'S HEAD BEING SET IN THE EASTERN PARAPET OF LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL, CARDIFF. IT IS THE TWENTY-SECOND HEAD OF AN ENGLISH RULER, INCLUDING CROMWELL, TO BE SO PLACED.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT, WITH MAJOR L. CHALK AND FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF KENT AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, PASSING BETWEEN AN AVENUE OF BANNERS AT PRESTON HALL, MAIDSTONE, WHERE SHE INSPECTED A PARADE OF THE BRITISH LEGION IN KENT. THE OCCASION WAS THE ANNUAL RALLY; AND THE DUCHESS WAS SHOWN THE BRITISH LEGION VILLAGE.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT IN THE ROBES OF A DOCTOR OF LAWS, THE HONORARY DEGREE CONFERRED UPON HER BY CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, AT A CONGREGATION PRESIDED OVER BY LORD TEDDER, THE CHANCELLOR.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AFTER FALLING FROM HIS CHESTNUT MARE *TURKAN* WHILE PLAYING POLO, CAUGHT HER AGAIN, REMOUNTED AND WENT ON TO WIN THE GAME—WHICH WAS THE JUNIOR COUNTY CUP FINAL AT AMBERSHAM, SUSSEX, ON JULY 19.



CELEBRATING THEIR VICTORY AFTER HIS FALL: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH POURS OUT THE CHAMPAGNE FOR LIEUT.-COLONEL HARPER, WHILE LORD COWDRAY (RIGHT) WATCHES AND LIEUT.-COLONEL P. DOLLAR DRINKS FROM THE TROPHY THEY HAD JUST WON.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. WILLIAM CHARLES CROCKER, M.C.

Elected President of the Law Society, 1953-54. Mr. William Charles Crocker was admitted a solicitor in 1912, and became Vice-President of the Law Society in 1952. He served in the European War, in the Artists' Rifles, and as 2nd Lieutenant, 4th Dorset Regiment. He is a member of the Council, Law Society of Disciplinary Committee under Solicitors Acts.



MR. GILBERT BAYES.

Died on July 10, aged eighty-one. A sculptor and designer of medals, Mr. Bayes was awarded the Silver Medal of the Royal Society of British Sculptors for his frieze on the Saville Theatre. He designed the Great Seal of George V., and the King's Police Medal. His sculpture includes the Constant Coquelin Memorial, Comédie Française, and works in the Tate and other Galleries.



THE WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY ON JULY 18: MAJOR N. W. MACCAW, LATE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE, WHO SCORED 273 POINTS OUT OF 300.

Major N. W. MacCaw, late London Rifle Brigade, won the Queen's Prize at Bisley with 273 points out of 300, in a close finish with Lieut.-Colonel S. Johnson of Canada, and Warrant Officer O. Bennett, late R.A.F., as runners-up with 272 points each. Major MacCaw is the fourth winner that the London Rifle Brigade has produced since the prize was first shot for in 1860. The prizes were distributed by Mr. Lyttelton, Secretary of State for the Colonies.



THE MAHARAJA OF COOCH BEHAR.

Severely injured in the head in a car crash near Baldock, Herts, on July 16. The Maharaja of Cooch Behar was returning to London from Newmarket with a friend when his car came into collision with a van and overturned. He was taken to the Lister Hospital, Hitchin, where he was stated to be very ill, but improving. Miss Marten, who was with him, received leg injuries.



MONSIEUR CAMILLE-PARIS.

Killed in a motor accident on July 17. M. Camille-Paris, Secretary-General of the Council of Europe since 1949, entered the Diplomatic Service in 1928; and during the war was a member of the Free French Foreign Office in London. After the war he was Minister in London; and in 1947 became Director of European Affairs at the Quai d'Orsay.



EX-COLONEL-GENERAL NIKLAUS VON FALKENHORST.

Released by the British from the war criminals' prison at Werl. Ex-Colonel-General Niklaus von Falkenhorst, aged sixty-eight, and now in bad health, was sentenced to death by a British court in 1946 for executing men of Commando units. His sentence was later commuted to twenty years of prison.



SQUADRON LEADER J. G. CORNISH.

To fly the Queen and the Duke on twenty-eight of their thirty-five flights during their Australian tour. Squadron Leader Cornish, who has arrived in England, where he will spend two months to "study procedure for Royal flights," was awarded the A.F.C. in the Pacific War. He flew in the 1948 Berlin air-lift, and has served at home and in China, England and Japan since the war.



MISS MAUDE ADAMS.

Died on July 17 at Tannersville, N.Y., aged eighty. Miss Maude Adams, the American actress, played Lady Babbie in 1897. Barrie was so pleased with her performance that he insisted that she take the leading rôle in American productions of his plays. She was the original U.S. Peter Pan, and played in "Quality Street," "What Every Woman Knows" and "A Kiss for Cinderella."



PRINCE SADOK BEY.

As the oldest member of the Husseinite Dynasty, Prince Sadok Bey, aged sixty-five, becomes the heir-presumptive to the Bey of Tunis, and was installed on July 5 as "Bey of the Camp," at a ceremony at the Bey's Palace, Carthage. He is the younger brother of the late heir-presumptive, Prince Azzedine Bey, aged seventy-two, who was assassinated on July 1 while reading in his summer house and, like him, is pro-French.



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

Died on July 19, aged seventy-four. The 2nd Duke of Westminster, a great patron of sport and one of the largest landowners in the country, was late personal assistant to the Controller, Mechanical Department, Ministry of Munitions. He had a distinguished war record in South Africa (1899-1900; Despatches; Queen's Medal, five clasps) and in World War I. (Despatches; D.S.O.). His heir is his cousin, Mr. William Grosvenor, born in 1897.



ACQUITTED AT A COURT-MARTIAL ON CHARGES CONNECTED WITH THE DEATH OF A SOLDIER PATIENT, PRIVATE DONALD HARRISON: LIEUT.-COLONEL A. GLEAVE, R.A.M.C., C.O., MOSTON HALL MILITARY HOSPITAL.

Lieut.-Colonel Alfred Gleave (here shown with Mrs. Gleave), Commanding Officer, Moston Hall Military Hospital, was acquitted at a court-martial at Saighton Camp, Chester, on two charges in connection with the death in hospital of Private Donald Harrison.



LORD LLEWELLYN.

The official announcement of the appointment of the first Governor-General of the Federated States of Central Africa will be made in August, and it is expected that Lord Llewellyn will be nominated. Aged sixty, he was President of the Board of Trade in 1942, and later that year Minister of Aircraft Production; and Minister of Food, 1943-45. He was Member (U.) for Uxbridge, 1929-45; and was raised to the peerage in 1945.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

BATTLES LONG AGO.

By J. C. TREWIN

AT the end of the Elizabethan Theatre Company's "Henry the Fifth" at the Westminster—a performance far more potent than its "Julius Caesar"—the players took their calls as usual. And, sadly, I reflected that, once more, we had not heard the last few lines for Chorus: lines that it has always seemed to me a pity to omit. "Most greatly lived this star of England": there, in a phrase, is Henry the Fifth as the Elizabethans thought of him, though it is not, I fear, a word for modern cynics ready to toss the play into the discard with some sour quip. While I was still regretting the loss of the "star of England," the actor who played Chorus (and, in the manner of this adaptable company, five other parts) suddenly came forward and spoke the missing lines.

All, then, was well; but (on the way home) I still wished, unsatisfied, that the epilogue had been heard after the recent "Henry the Fifth" at the Old Vic. Then its words, "Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned King," would have prepared for the Birmingham Repertory Company's revival—also at the Vic—of the trilogy of "Henry the Sixth." Here, and again in spite of our cynics, is one of the most exhilarating events, for a Shakespearean, that the last years have granted.

Parts Two and Three of this clanging chronicle of broil-and-battle, the conflict in France and the long English tournament of the Wars of the Roses, have been staged in recent years at Birmingham, though only Part Three has reached London. Now Sir Barry Jackson brings the complete trilogy to Waterloo Road: a ringing answer to academic critics apt to judge a play from its text rather than from performance in the theatre (for which, after all, it was designed). Through the years we have learned to expect this kind of adventure from Sir Barry Jackson, a paladin of the English stage.

He has himself arranged "Henry the Sixth" for revival. In the darkened auditorium of the Old Vic I waited, with unusual tension, for the curtain to rise. Many years before, on a quiet autumn evening in an isolated village, a copy of Shakespeare's Plays, falling from an overcrowded shelf at a child's feet, had opened at the beginning of "Henry the Sixth: Part One," and these lines for the Duke of Bedford:

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky. . . .

Uncomprehending, the boy read the scene. At night when the sword-ray from the Lizard lighthouse cut regularly across his window, he remembered that phrase of the "crystal tresses." To this hour the flashing of the lighthouse must summon the Shakespearean words and the autumn twilight of years ago.

It was strange that, after meeting in the theatre all the other plays in the Folio (even "Titus Andronicus"), and "Pericles" into the bargain, "Henry the Sixth: Part One"—and the "crystal tresses"—should now be the very last play to complete the record. While I waited for Bedford to speak, I heard, delivered "off" (as the cast, on the shadowed stage, waited at Henry the Fifth's Abbey funeral), the words of the last Chorus about the "star of England" and "Henry the Sixth in infant bands crowned King." It was Sir Barry Jackson's inspiration to "lead into" the play in this fashion, just as at the end of Part Three of "Henry the Sixth," he arranges for Richard of Gloucester to begin the opening soliloquy of "Richard the Third," that fades as the curtain falls. So the plays form a complete chain.

Presently the stage-lights flashed up on "Part One" (or brandished their crystal tresses in the sky), and "Henry the Sixth" was away. After this, for one listener, the evening passed in rapt content. True, the first section of the chronicle is a poor enough piece. There are few memorable lines; the characters are sketched crudely. Yet I do not think any genuine Shakespearean can hear it without a glow. Constantly

it hints at the later plays, lets slip a word or two that can ring in the mind. There is, also, the curious spectacle of a Joan of Arc, seen (through Elizabethan eyes) as an unpleasant young woman conquering by witchcraft. Nancie Jackson acted this La Pucelle with a driving

against Joan of being a sorceress and harlot, and assumed her to be guilty of all of them, his play would not be produced."

The rest of the acting at the Vic was rightly cut-and-thrust. It was the essential quality. The players, with Douglas Seale to direct them in the triptych-set fashioned by Finlay James, kept matters going finely. We marked in Jack May's young Henry, and the already determined Margaret of Rosalind Boxall, the first notes of two performances that would be deepened and confirmed in the later Parts. Alan Bridges was a strongly martial Talbot (Sir Barry spared him that silly scene with the Countess of Auvergne); it was a moving and imaginatively-produced passage in which the old lion and those about him remained stock-still in the background while, down on the forestage, Sir William Lucy vainly urged on, first York, and then Somerset, to send Talbot immediate aid. The father's lament over Young Talbot before his own death has two of the best lines in the piece, spoken by Mr. Bridges with a proper pride:

Poor boy! he smiles, methinks as who should say,
"Had death been French, then death had died to-day."

In "Part One" we have the first very vague suggestion of Falstaff (as the cowardly Sir John Fastolfe, whose Garter Talbot tears away at Henry's Paris Coronation). We recognised, almost as a familiar friend, that plucking of the roses in the Temple

Garden. Throughout, the Birmingham production knitted the play together astutely. In performance it proved to be more theatrically vivid than the current Stratford-upon-Avon revival of the great tragedy of "King Lear." Stratford has had a good season; but this "Lear" disappoints: it rarely gets above the foothills of Everest. Michael Redgrave knows what he wants to convey; once or twice—as in the meeting with the blinded Gloucester—he conveys it. But Lear is not fixed firmly in our minds. The actor brings up the part and allows it to fade again like a radio set with its batteries running down. "I am cut to the brains" goes for little. Harry Andrews's Kent and the Cordelia of Yvonne Mitchell linger most surely from a production (by George Devine) that—like the performance of Lear—is conceived elaborately and carried out less well. The set, with its central monolithic structure and its abstract backcloths, is not very impressive, though it has the virtue of leaving the stage uncluttered. The designer (Robert Colquhoun) has succeeded more clearly with the costumes.

At Stratford we walk by the river during an interval. At Glyndebourne, between the acts of "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" (or, more simply, "The Seraglio"), we walk among the delphiniums, or by the lily lake, or stand upon the lawn to see (in Tennyson's line) "green Sussex fading into blue." There is no more gracious playgoing than at the Sussex opera-house. Mozart's work, still enchantingly fresh, is sung with gaiety and style. Such players as Fritz Ollendorf, relishing in voice and humour as the basso-buffo Osmin, Sari Barabas as Constanze, and Murray Dickie as Pedrillo, do honour to their composer. Alfred Wallenstein conducts; and it is a pleasure to watch the dignity of the producer, Carl Ebert, in the speaking part of Bassa Selim (for which Anton Walbrook had been cast). But is Selim quite so mature?

The week's last engagement was to listen to Jack Buchanan as a stockbroker who takes to crooning in self-defence, and to David Hutcheson as the real crooner in vigorous (onion-induced) grief at the piano. The farce is Vernon Sylvaïne's "As Long as They're Happy" (Garrick). During the second act, and for no apparent reason, Nigel Green, as a mock-Existentialist (with his heart in Wimbledon), puts on a boot full of whisky. It is that sort of night, more ambitious than some and assuming a good deal of general knowledge in the audience. Now and again it reminded me of battles long ago; but all farces have a trick of doing that, and Mr. Sylvaïne is usually able to find new cross-questions and crooked answers.



"THE PLAYERS . . . KEPT MATTERS GOING FINELY": LORD TALBOT (ALAN BRIDGES) MOURNS THE DEATH OF HIS SON JOHN (JOHN GREENWOOD) AFTER THE ENGLISH DEFEAT BY THE FRENCH. A SCENE FROM "KING HENRY VI.; PART I.", AT THE OLD VIC, BY THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY COMPANY. BURGUNDY (KENNETH WILLIAMS), ORLEANS (FREDERICK TREVES), ALÉNÇON (ALAN NUNN) AND JOAN OF ARC (NANCIE JACKSON) (L. TO R.); AND (RIGHT, CENTRE) THE DAUPHIN (BERNARD HEPTON) AND (EXTREME RIGHT) REIGNIER (WILLIAM AVENELL).

vigour, from the first entry—oddly like that of the Shavian Joan at Chinon—to the brief brutality of the Rouen trial. Shaw says of the part in his "Saint Joan" preface: "The portrait ends in mere scurrility."

To those who felt, maybe, that the Birmingham actress unconsciously glorified her La Pucelle at first,



JACK BUCHANAN (RIGHT) AS "THE STOCKBROKER WHO TAKES TO CROONING"; DAVID HUTCHESON AS THE REAL CROONER; AND DOROTHY DICKSON WITH THE BRACES. A SCENE FROM "AS LONG AS THEY'RE HAPPY," VERNON SYLVAÏNE'S FARCICAL COMEDY AT THE GARRICK. "MR. SYLVAÏNE IS USUALLY ABLE TO FIND NEW CROSS-QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS."

one would quote Shaw again: "The impression left . . . is that the playwright, having begun by an attempt to make Joan a beautiful and romantic figure, was told by his scandalised company that English patriotism would never stand a sympathetic representation of a French conqueror of English troops, and that unless he at once introduced all the charges

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL" (Glyndebourne).—The endearing Mozart opera—in which, in Meredithian phrase, we round Seraglio Point—is presented with the usual Glyndebourne burnish and appreciation in the enlarged Opera House. (July 8.)
"AS LONG AS THEY'RE HAPPY" (Garrick).—A farce by Vernon Sylvaïne, about a stockbroker and his wilful daughters and a crying crooner. Funny in spots, and acted with suitable frenzy. (July 8.)
"HENRY THE FIFTH" (Westminster).—The members of the Elizabethan Theatre Company seem here to be three times as good as they were in "Caesar." A quick trumpet-call of a production. (July 9.)
"HENRY THE SIXTH": THE THREE PARTS (Old Vic).—The Birmingham Repertory Company raises the chronicle-storm of this rarely-acted trilogy. It is acted with unwavering spirit. (July 13, 14, 15.)
"AMERICAN NATIONAL BALLET THEATRE" (Covent Garden).—The opening quadruple bill contained a new ballet, "Aleko," by Massine. (July 13.)
"KING LEAR" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—A rather halting revival of the tragedy, though Michael Redgrave has the stuff of a Lear in him and will do more with the part than at the première. (July 14.)



THE EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS: A CONTEMPORARY PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF THE ARRANGEMENTS, FROM THE PAPERS OF ROBERT BEALE, WHO WAS SENT BY QUEEN ELIZABETH I. TO ARRANGE THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION AT FOTHERINGAY.

This drawing of one of the most moving events of English history is not a report of that event, but a graphic "order of the day" indicating the detail of the procedure. As can be seen, it covers three stages of time. In the upper left, "the Scottish Queen" can be seen, led in by the Sheriff and followed by her women. In the foreground of the scaffold she is being divested of her outer garments; and in the right background of the scaffold she is being executed by the headsman. On the scaffold sit the Earl of Shrewsbury (1) and the Earl of Kent (2). Behind the scaffold sit her keeper, Sir Amyas Paulet (3) and Sir Dru Drury (4). On the dais at the back stand (7) "four of the Scottish Queen's servants"; while in the foreground (6) is Dr. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough. The drawing is one of the most immediately interesting pages—there is a parallel drawing of the arrangements for the trial—from the large

and important Yelverton Manuscripts—a collection of about 200 volumes which have been long known as the most important archive for the history of the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. in private hands, with the exception of the Hatfield papers. These MSS. have just been acquired by the British Museum (for a price stated to be £10,000) from Brigadier R. H. Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, a descendant of Robert Beale, the Clerk of the Council in Elizabeth I.'s reign, whose papers form the basis of the collection. Robert Beale was the brother-in-law of Walsingham, and in 1586 he was sent with Lord Buckhurst to Fotheringay to notify Queen Mary of the sentence of death passed on her; and among the papers concerned are instructions for dealing with her (signed by Walsingham and Queen Elizabeth). These important acquisitions are now, and for some time to come, on exhibition at the British Museum.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THRIFT, ART AND BARTER.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

LAST March, I threw out a bowlful of hazel nuts under an oak in the garden. They were the residue of last autumn's gathering, and as nobody seemed to be using them, it was as well to let whatever would take them: there are plenty of field-mice about. However, in about an hour's time, we noticed a grey squirrel busy with them, not eating them, but planting them, a piece of out-of-season behaviour. It picked up a nut in its fore-paws and, sitting on its haunches, turned it round several times, gnawed at it for a few brief moments, then, as if satisfied that it was worth using, ran off and buried it. Once on the site, it scratched rapidly at the earth, holding the nut in its teeth, which it then placed in the hole and quickly covered it over. The whole operation took, on each occasion, a consistent seven seconds. The first nut was taken 5 yards away to the east; the next, 25 yards to the north-west; 10 yards to the south; 25 yards to the south-east; 5 yards to the north-west. Each time the nut was turned in the paws and nibbled before being carried off. Each time the squirrel went in a different direction—never in the same direction or for the same distance on any two consecutive occasions. All points of the compass were covered, and all distances up to 25 yards or so, except where the ground was unsuitable for planting. Given that the nuts were in a condition for germinating, we ought to have a crop of hazel seedlings, evenly planted over a radius of some 25 yards from the point where the nuts were thrown out. The whole operation of planting them was completed in much less time than a human gardener could have done it. And to what end?

It is traditional that squirrels store nuts and acorns, but it is not often that one actually catches them in the act. Nevertheless, I know from experience that they do not always store the way described here. Moreover, so far as I am aware, the normal method is to make a cache, burying a large number of nuts or acorns in one spot. On the face of it, this looks like both intelligence and foresight. On the one hand, we have the squirrel making its cache to ensure a supply of food for the winter, a precaution against the starvation of the individual. On the other hand, we have the systematic planting, such as we saw this last March, which could result in the growth of many new hazels, giving sustenance to future generations of squirrels. Unfortunately, this pretty picture does not hold together. There is, for example, a considerable doubt whether squirrels go back to their caches, although it is difficult to believe that they never do. In any case, storing in some form or other is such a common feature, especially of mammals, and in so many cases is there no return to the hoard, that it can be labelled as an impulse having no positive end, a general tendency in behaviour and not the inspired conduct of any one species.

Storing food may take many forms. The Arctic fox kills lemmings in times of plenty and stores their carcasses among the rocks. Pikas, the mouse-hares of the Himalayas and the North American Rockies, cut grass in the summer and store the hay under ledges of overhanging rock against the winter. Moles store earthworms when they are abundant, by biting off the head end and placing the worms in hundreds at a time in underground storerooms. Even the habit of stoats and water-shrews, of killing more than they need, and laying the carcasses of their victims neatly in rows, suggests that they are doing something similar to all these others. And the

propensity for storing in rodents other than squirrels is so widespread as to be almost a family trait. Mice and rats of all kinds store quantities of food in their

have arisen adventitiously, in several sections of the mammalian stock, and the general impulse to store soon finds a use for them.

Perhaps the one mammal species most given to storing things is ourselves. We store food, we also store lumber. We collect pictures, stamps, old furniture, coins, matchbox labels—in fact, anything that is not perishable, or can be rendered imperishable by suitable treatment. The acquisition of money is merely another phase of it; and taking into consideration all the things man stores or collects, it is difficult to draw the line between the amassing of those things that are utilitarian and those that have an æsthetic value. The study of natural history, to take merely one example, began in its more recent form, at about the close of the Middle Ages, with the collection of the strange and the curious, out of which habit the cult of the museum developed. And if you collect things, you want to know something about them, so you study them—and culture begins. From it, however, or at least this is the case in natural history, there spring things of utilitarian value, such as applied biology. Going further back in history, to the days of primitive man, the same urge that impelled the mediaevals to collect was expressed in cave-drawings and rock-paintings, as well as in collections of animal bones. These last were, in their more sublime form, associated with the religious ceremonial—or so it is believed.

This apparent digression is by no means capricious, for in striking contrast to the prevalent habit among mammals of storing food, there is little such tendency to be seen in birds. The Californian woodpecker, it is true, stores acorns by the thousand in holes drilled in the trunks of trees, but this is exceptional. What we do find is, however, a more widespread tendency to collect bright or coloured objects. The magpies and jackdaws are notoriously given to stealing and caching coins, jewellery and other bright objects, a habit seen, incidentally, among mammals, in the mongooses, and in all there is no obvious purpose served by it. Yet we are compelled to relate the habit to that of the bowerbirds that decorate their bowers with coloured shells, feathers, flowers, even matchboxes, milk-bottle tops and anything else with colour or sparkle. Some species of bowerbirds take it a step further and plaster the walls of their bowers with the juices of brightly-coloured fruits, or may even steal the blue-bag from a near-by house to do their painting and distempering. So one could continue, listing one example after another from the animal kingdom which, taken together, show how thin is the line, if indeed one can be drawn at all, between amassing for use and for what can only be described as the pleasure of it. In human terms we speak of thrift, on the one hand, and of æsthetic appreciation on the other. But they seem to have a common origin and can be seen merely as individuations of a single impulse, and one, moreover, which the human species shares with a large part of the animal kingdom.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all are, however, the pack-, or trade-rats, of North America. These build themselves shelters of piles of sticks or other materials, and in these they store any bright object that comes their way. But they do not steal, they trade, for they have the habit of replacing the article they take with some other object. The classic example is of a box of rivets. The pack-rats took the rivets and left the box filled with stones. This must be the earliest known form of barter.



PROBABLY THE MOST PRIMITIVE EXPONENT OF BARTER: THE NORTH AMERICAN PACK- OR TRADE-RAT. A FEMALE AT THE DOOR OF HER NEST IN MONTANA, U.S.A.

The pack-rat, or trade-rat, is found more especially on the dry plains and deserts of the western U.S.A. Its nest is often built around a cactus, and decorated with the spiny lobes of the cactus. Otherwise sticks or leaves are used. The rat has a strong collecting instinct and, like the magpie, is particularly fond of bright objects. It will carry away coins, nails, brass buckles and such things, but its outstanding characteristic is that it often replaces the article taken with something else.



A BIRD WHICH IS EXCEPTIONAL IN ITS HABIT OF STORING FOODSTUFFS: THE CALIFORNIAN WOODPECKER, A VEGETARIAN WHICH STORES ACORNS IN HOLES WHICH IT PECKS IN THE TRUNKS OF TREES.

From a drawing by L. Agassiz Fierles.

burrows. The pocket gophers, pocket mice, kangaroo-rats and hamsters show us another facet: they have special cheek pouches for taking away any food they can not consume on the spot. Cheek pouches are also present in certain monkeys, the guenons, macaques, baboons and mangabeys. Clearly these structures

PRESERVED FROM EXTINCTION IN SWITZERLAND AND BAVARIA: THE IBEX.



A HERD OF IBEX ON A SLOPE OF PIZ ALBRIZ, SWITZERLAND, WHERE THIS RARE ANIMAL HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY RE-SETTLED AFTER BEING THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION.



AN IBEX IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS—A BRILLIANT PHOTOGRAPH ON THE ALMOST INACCESSIBLE SOUTH WALLS OF THE TEUFELSHOERNER, NEAR BERCHTESGADEN.

The Ibex—which is featured as decoration on the ancient Persian gold bracelet illustrated on another page—was numerous in the Swiss Alps until the sixteenth century, when owing to the assistance given to man's destructive passions by the development of portable firearms, their numbers began to dwindle; and by 1880 they ceased to exist. Attempts were made in 1879, 1886 and again in 1914 to reintroduce the Ibex or *bouquetin* to the Swiss mountains, but all failed. Now



A PAIR OF IBEX IN BAVARIA. AS IN SWITZERLAND, SO IN BAVARIA THE IBEX WAS THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION, BUT STRICT PRESERVATION SAVED THE SPECIES.

the Swiss League for the Protection of Nature has succeeded, and the Ibex has been re-settled in its old home. The animals were first acclimatised in special breeding grounds before being transported to the higher mountains, and now out of eleven settlement districts the herds have grown from 1129 animals in 1949 to 1220 at the end of 1952. The smallest herd is that of the Justital, Berne, with ten, while the largest, of some 500, is on Piz Albriz, Engadine.

AT THE WHITE CITY: SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL SPECTACULAR DISPLAYS.



PERFORMING A LEVADE: A MEMBER OF THE TEAM FROM THE SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL OF VIENNA MOUNTED ON ONE OF THE SUPERB LIPIZZAN STALLIONS.



A MOUNTED *CAPRIOLE* EXERCISE BEING PERFORMED BY A SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL INSTRUCTOR: THIS IS ONE OF THE MOVEMENTS USED IN COMBAT IN MEDIEVAL TIMES.



ANOTHER VIEW OF A MOUNTED *CAPRIOLE* EXERCISE: THE TRAINING OF A STALLION BEGINS AT THE AGE OF FOUR, AND TAKES THREE, OR EVEN FOUR, YEARS TO COMPLETE.



THE TEAM OF RIDERS FROM THE SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL OF VIENNA WHO WERE SEEN AT THE HORSE SHOW, MOUNTED ON THEIR SUPERB LIPIZZAN STALLIONS: THEY ARE SHOWN REHEARSING THEIR "SHOULDERS IN" MOVEMENT.



DOING A *COURBETTE*: ONE OF THE SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS WHO GAVE DISPLAYS OF HIGH-SCHOOL WORK "ON THE GROUND" AND OTHER EXERCISES.



COLONEL LOUIS PODHAJSKY, (LEFT) PUTTING A STALLION THROUGH A "*CAPRIOLE IN HAND*." RIDING INSTRUCTORS UNDER HIM GAVE DISPLAYS AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.



A *CAPRIOLE* EXERCISE BEING PERFORMED: THE "CLASSICAL" SCHOOL IGNORES CIRCUS EXERCISES. SOME CLASSICAL MOVEMENTS ORIGINATE FROM THOSE OF HORSES AT PLAY.

One of the great attractions of the 34th International Horse Show at the White City Stadium last week was provided by the displays given by the Spanish Riding School of Vienna, now established at Wels. These exhibitions by the splendid horsemen under Colonel Podhajsky, wearing their traditional uniforms, included high-school work "on the ground"; and also the spectacular, *levade*, *coupade*, *courbette* and other movements which in the Middle Ages were included in the training of war horses. Quadrilles were also performed. The school was formed

c. 1720, but its origin can be traced to a far earlier date. It was founded to maintain the art of horsemanship; and known as the Spanish Riding School because Spanish horses were mainly used for classical riding and the Lipizzan stallions used to-day are descended from that race. In 1945 the School was liberated by the late General Patton. Twenty years ago horsemen of the Spanish School gave exhibitions in London, and their return to the International Horse Show in Coronation Year was warmly welcomed.

NEW AND REDISCOVERED BIRDS OF NEW ZEALAND'S FIORDLAND, FRESH LIGHT ON THE TAKAHEA, "FOSSIL" SPIDERS AND NEW INSECTS.

By R. V. FRANCIS SMITH.

THE rediscovery of the flightless rail takahea (formerly, but less correctly, called "takahe") or *Notornis* in New Zealand's fiordland in 1948 created world-wide interest. Fiordland, a deeply glaciated mountain block at the western base of the South Island, still largely unexplored, was the logical place for such a discovery, and it is not surprising that further scientific discoveries of some importance have been made in this area more recently.

Apart from expeditions devoted to the study of the takahea in its known habitat in and about the original place of rediscovery, two expeditions have entered Fiordland for the purpose of scientific exploration. The first was the New Zealand-American Expedition of 1949, in which Dr. Olaus J. Murie, Director of the American Wilderness Society, and his team of assistants investigated red deer hybridism in the wapiti herds introduced to the George and Caswell Sounds area from America in 1905. A botanical and geological survey was made of that area at the same time.

The second expedition took place during the first two months of this year. This all-New Zealand expedition, organised by the Canterbury Museum, Christchurch, flew into the heart of the Murchison Mountains, beyond the known range of the takahea. Its object was to determine whether the takahea range extended beyond its known limits, and to search for evidence of the presumably extinct bush moa, *Megalapteryx didinus*. Botanical, entomological and ethnological surveys were also included as objects for the team of workers.

An amphibian aircraft was used for the expedition. This enabled the party to reach their base, Lake Te Au, and establish their permanent camp at a convenient central point in a matter of hours; nearly a week would have been required to make the same journey overland carrying equipment, so rugged is the country.

The party consisted of a zoologist, botanist, biologist, ethnologist, cartographer and two field naturalist cameramen, who were responsible for a complete photographic coverage in colour and monochrome of the expedition with movie and still cameras. All, with the exception of the ethnologist, who found no evidence of the Maori occupation he was looking for, can claim a fair measure of success.

The botanist, Dr. W. R. Philipson, formerly of the British Museum (who has the experience of a six-months expedition in the Colombian Andes), gathered over 350 different botanical species from swamplands, forest and mountain-tops. A particularly dry season enabled Dr. Philipson to obtain many bog species (some of them during their infrequent flowering), which would normally have been covered with water. So far, although classification of the botanical specimens is by no means complete, one plant, an Alpine ranunculus, has not previously been found and described.

Evidence of additional colonies of takahea were found by a field party consisting of Mr. H. B. Wisely, the biologist, Mr. P. K. Dorizac, the cartographer, and myself. While exploring the country, searching for takaheas and evidence of the small moa, we also mapped it.

real one, but so far little is known of the habits of these birds in travelling over this rugged country.

The colonies of takahea we found consisted, so far as could be determined, of a small number of birds; two or three in isolated hanging valleys extending along the Murchison Range to the watersheds of the western fiords (Figs. 7 and 8). The precarious position of these colonies would appear to be a very

considerable distance beyond their normal range in the snow-grass basins was discovered by way of one of the characteristic fibrous droppings seen in the floor of a forested valley 800 ft. below the snow-grass mountain-tops frequented by a colony.

If the birds do wander from one colony to another there is a good chance of their survival throughout this country. If they do not, unusually severe winters, infertility, the activities of predators, or perhaps fires during a particularly dry season, could ultimately wipe them out.

A takahea skeleton found during a photographic foray, only the second on record since the species' rediscovery, was scattered over several yards. Two

of the throat bones were missing, suggesting that a carnivorous predator was responsible. Other than hawks, which would not attack a bird of such size, introduced stoats are the only carnivores in the area, and three were seen during the trip in addition to spoor. The skeleton was that of a bird approaching maturity.

Other interesting observations relative to the takahea were of two fresh nests, one with and one without a bird in attendance. All previous observations of nesting have been confined to the normal breeding period between October and December. Whether the fresh unattended nest was eventually used by one of the birds in that particular area we did not discover before leaving, but the other nest, containing one egg, was being attended consistently by a bird. Perhaps the failure of an egg to incubate during the normal season prompted her to try again, but whatever the reason, her chick, should she hatch the egg, and those of any other birds, would stand a slim chance of survival facing the rigours of a winter in that country at such a young age.

Of interest to entomologists is the discovery of two new species of spider belonging to the family *Archæidae* (Fig. 4). This 40,000,000-year-old group of spiders was established in 1854, when C. Koch found fossil specimens in Baltic amber. Seven species in all have been recorded from the same medium.

In 1881, O. P. Cambridge found the first living species in Madagascar and described it under the name of *Eriauchenus workmani*, which was later changed by E. Simon to be placed in the genus *Archæa*. In 1919 another living species was found in South Africa and, in 1929, one in Australia. Several species of the sub-family *Mecysmaucheniiæ* have been found in South America and outlying islands since 1884. The geographical distribution of this family has

always been the source of much interest, and it should be noted that the pattern of distribution is confined to the Southern Hemisphere, the form having been apparently superseded in the Northern Hemisphere by more progressive forms.

It was not until 1946 that a living representative of the order was found in New Zealand. In that year C. L. Wilton found an archaic spider in the North Island intermediate in form between *Archæa* and *Mecysmauchenius*, but possessing certain features which necessitated a new genus. In this, his discovery, *Zearchæa clypeata*, became the genotype. Two years later Mr. R. R. Forster, of the Canterbury Museum, found another living species in the South Island. Mr. Forster was leader of this museum expedition in Fiordland, and it was he who found the two new species there, in addition to the one he had found and described in 1948. From Mr. Forster's studies it is apparent that this area not only contains more species of this ancient group of spiders than any other area of similar size in the

world, but it also has the greatest concentration. Perhaps even more significant was the discovery by the biologist, Mr. Wisely, during field trips, of two new species of stonefly, which are completely wingless

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 1. NOW NAMED CORONATION PEAK: A PREVIOUSLY UNRECORDED PEAK IN NEW ZEALAND'S FIORDLAND. IT IS 6000 FT. HIGH, THE SECOND HIGHEST IN THE AREA, AND LIES ABOUT SIX MILES SOUTH OF THE 6250-FT. MOUNT IRENE.



FIG. 2. MOUNT IRENE, IN NEW ZEALAND'S FIORDLAND. THE FIRST OF THE NEW STONE-FLY NYMPHS WAS FOUND ON A COULOIR AT 5500 FT., ON THE RIGHT OF THIS ROCKY SUMMIT. A NUMBER OF NYMPHS AND MATURE STONE-FLIES WERE FOUND UNDER THE MORaine BOULDERS IN THE FOREGROUND.

Where the country permits it the birds seem to travel about extensively, which bears out the Maori name, "takahea," meaning the wanderer, or one who wanders at large. Added proof that the birds cover

"FOSSIL" SPIDERS, AND WINGLESS STONE-FLIES, NEW ZEALAND BIRDS, NEW AND REDISCOVERED.

Continued.

(Figs. 3 and 5). This is quite a notable entomological discovery, as the only other apterous condition on record was that made in the Auckland Islands a few years ago, and little is known of it. The important point concerns the presence of wingless stone-flies in these two areas. Have these stone-flies lost their wings in the course of time, or were they always wingless, indicating perhaps that the Auckland Islands were at one time joined by a land bridge to New Zealand? Reductions in the wing-size of certain stone-flies have been observed in a number of cases over a period dating back several decades. Short-winged males have been found in New Zealand, Australia and Sweden. Particularly interesting observations were made by Hynes in Britain in 1941, when he found a gradual reduction of wing-length in two species between 800 ft. and 1400 ft., and a single

[Continued below.]



FIG. 3. ONE OF THE TWO NEW AND UNIQUELY WINGLESS SPECIES OF STONE-FLY RECENTLY FOUND IN NEW ZEALAND BETWEEN 4700 AND 5500 FT. IN THE WEST MURCHISON MOUNTAINS. THIS SPECIES HAS BEEN NAMED *APTEROPERLA ANGULARIS*.

Continued.

male of another species which was distinctly short-winged at 1500 ft. It is significant that the completely wingless condition found in the Murchison Ranges was at altitudes varying between 4700 ft. and 5500 ft. No evidence of these species was found at lower levels, and after comparison with other New Zealand stone-flies it is apparent that the two new members are not reconcilable with any previously described. As the present generic descriptions of the New Zealand stone-fly family (*Plecoptera*) are based on the wing venation, it is virtually impossible to include these apterous species with them. The formation of a new genus has thus been necessary, one *Apteroperla monticola* becoming the genotype and *A. angularis* the second species. Mr. Wisely was particularly fortunate in collecting the eggs, nymphs and imagines of both species, enabling a comprehensive study and description to be made. The first nymph of *A. monticola* was found at 5500 ft. on the shaded side of Mt. Irene (Fig. 2), where the nearest running water was over 600 yards away and 500 ft. below. Additional nymphs were found at

[Continued below.]



FIG. 4. A NEWLY-DISCOVERED SPIDER OF A FAMILY (*ARCHÆRIDE*) PREVIOUSLY KNOWN ONLY IN 40,000,000-YEAR-OLD BALTIC AMBER. THIS "LIVING FOSSIL" IS ONE OF TWO SPECIES RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN FIORDLAND BY MR. R. R. FORSTER.

Continued.

Australian Museum, who has identified them as a new species and described them under the name *Panisopsis wiselyi*. Below the altitude of 4700 ft. there is a marked change in the terrain of this area. Although a diverse fauna of caddis-fly larvæ, water-beetles and boatmen, dipterous larva and representatives of some other groups were present at about 4000 ft., wingless stone-fly specimens were not found. Associates of the two species in their alpine habitat include a small blue-green worm, several weevils, wetas, a large slug, and many spiders and harvesters. Since the completion of this expedition, further discoveries of interest to science have been made in an area between Dusky and Chalky Sounds, some sixty miles south-west of the area in which the Canterbury Museum party operated. A number of Wildlife Department men, led by Mr. Thane Riney, an American scientist working on deer control in this country, made two notable bird discoveries. He rediscovered the alpine rifleman (Fig. 6) which, for all practical purposes had been excluded from the list of living New Zealand birds for almost fifty years. One of the last specimens was found by Lord Ranfurly about 1905 and is now in the British Museum. The other bird, also a wren, has not previously been identified or described. It was not until after his return that Mr. Riney learnt that he had made two discoveries. Because the new wren was smaller than the rifleman with which he compared it, Mr. Riney thought it would displace the rifleman as New Zealand's smallest bird. He did not know then that he was comparing the newly-discovered wren with the alpine rifleman, which is slightly

[Continued below.]



FIG. 6. THOUGHT EXTINCT FOR SOME FIFTY YEARS BUT NOW REDISCOVERED IN SOUTHERN FIORDLAND: THE ALPINE RIFLEMAN. A SMALL WREN, NEW TO SCIENCE, WAS ALSO FOUND, BETWEEN DUSKY AND CHALKY SOUNDS.

Continued.

bigger than the ordinary one. Both the alpine rifleman and the new wren, for which a name has not yet been found, frequent the scrub-line along the upper fringes of the bush line. Above this level, at 4000 ft. or more, the rock wren is found, and lower down, the bush wren and ordinary rifleman. Mr. Riney and his party also made use of the amphibian aircraft used by the Canterbury Museum personnel, and it is the advent of this mode of transport, more than any other factor, which is now wrenching from the rugged country of Fiordland the secrets it has guarded so closely for so long.

[Continued above.]



FIG. 5. ANOTHER WINGLESS STONE-FLY DISCOVERED IN THE MOUNTAINS OF FIORDLAND. THIS SPECIES HAS BEEN NAMED *APTEROPERLA MONTICOLA* AND IS THE TYPE OF THE GENUS. THIS COMPLETELY WINGLESS CONDITION HAS NEVER BEEN PREVIOUSLY KNOWN.

Continued.

4700 ft., in a stream and chain of small depressions which drain the permanent ice and snows of Mt. Irene. Under the morainic boulders, where most of the nymphs were found, conditions were cool and damp, in spite of the season being one of the driest on record. This area is subject to heavy rainfalls, frost, snow and ice formations. The rainfall probably exceeds 200 ins. per annum and snow lies for six to nine months of the year or even longer. In appearance the two species are superficially similar. The imagines of both species are blackish in colour, while the nymphs are brown-grey, with a series of yellow markings on the abdominal tergites. The body-length of the nymphs collected ranged from 16 mm. to 24 mm. ($\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.), and the average body sizes of the male and female imagines were 20 mm. and 25 mm. ($\frac{3}{4}$ and 1 in.) respectively. In size, so far as New Zealand is concerned, they are second only to *Stenoperla prasina*, a large stone-fly with a general distribution at lower levels. Between the thoracic plates of some of the nymphs and nearly all the imagines were bright red larval mites. Some of these were sent to an Australian expert, Dr. H. Womersley, of the South



FIG. 7. THOUGHT EXTINCT UNTIL ITS REDISCOVERY IN 1948 : THE TAKAHEA (*NOTORNIS HOCHSTETTERI*), A FLIGHTLESS RAIL. THIS IS A YEAR-OLD SPECIMEN IN A NEWLY-DISCOVERED COLONY.



FIG. 8. A CLOSE-UP OF A TAKAHEA IN THE NEW COLONIES FOUND IN VALLEYS ALONG THE MURCHISON RANGE. THESE COLONIES APPEAR TO BE SOMEWHAT PRECARIOUS.

NEW ZEALAND'S "EXTINCT" BIRD : NEW COLONIES OF TAKAHEA, THE FLIGHTLESS RAIL, FIRST REDISCOVERED IN 1948.

In November 1948, Dr. G. B. Orbell discovered in New Zealand's Fiordland a small colony of a bird, a flightless rail, which had been thought extinct for fifty years or so. This bird, *Notornis hochstetteri*, bears the Maori name of Takahe, or, more correctly, Takahea, a word meaning "wanderer." We have reported this rediscovery in a number of issues—December 11 and December 25, 1948, January 1, 1949, February 26, 1949 (with an article by Dr. Orbell), May 27, 1950 (showing the eggs) and March 31, 1951; and on

July 15, 1950, we showed in two colour plates the notable colouring of this remarkable bird—its peacock-blue body and sage-green mantle and its scarlet and pink powerful bill. On page 149 in this issue, Mr. R. V. Francis Smith describes the various discoveries made by a Canterbury Museum expedition in which he took part; and these included, besides insects, spiders and birds either new to science or rediscovered after being thought extinct, a number of new colonies of the Takahea and some further light on its habits.



NOT long ago I was writing on this page about some late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century drawings from the Rajput States which revealed a whole school of unknown and highly competent painters whose existence had been ignored by us during the long years of British rule. These were part of a large collection of drawings from India and Pakistan which has now been generously presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by Colonel T. G. Gayer-Anderson, C.M.G., D.S.O., whose introduction to what, up till very recently, was a wholly unfashionable subject, is engagingly described in his foreword to the ms. catalogue compiled by himself. He had always been interested in European art, but had only looked casually at Oriental paintings and drawings when he happened to come across them. In 1926 he paid a visit to his twin brother, the late R. G. Gayer-Anderson Pasha, in Cairo, who had a considerable collection of both Persian and Indian work; under the latter's guidance he found himself becoming more and more fascinated by the Indian paintings. The two brothers then founded the nucleus of the present collection. In the same year a fortunate Service posting sent T. G. to India for the first time in his career, and there he remained for four years, first at Poona, in the Bombay Presidency, and then at Hyderabad, in the Deccan, during which time he spent all his "privileged leaves" (three weeks each year, to be passed in the country) in seeing all he could of India's artistic treasures, from Madras to Peshawar; and everywhere he went he sought out Indian paintings and drawings. It was drawings rather than paintings which chiefly interested him, because his greatest pleasure in Europe had been looking at drawings. Luckily for him, he discovered that Indian sellers were interested in paintings, not in drawings and, indeed, never thought of showing him any unless he asked specially for them; even so, they considered them of little consequence and were pleased to part with them at low prices. He found Jaipur, Udaipur and Asmeer the most productive of his hunting-grounds. Here and elsewhere, though he found little evidence of a contemporary living art, he was able to make contact with the descendants of many artists of the past. Later, in 1928, he had the good fortune to get in touch with the then head of the Fadnis

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. GIFTED UNKNOWN INDIAN ARTISTS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

(or Phadanavis) family at Poona, who wished to dispose of a small collection of paintings which he had inherited.

The Colonel left India in 1930, and added only a few items until the end of the Second World War. His brother died in 1945, and bequeathed several to the collection, and thirty-two have been acquired in London since then. He ends his very charming apologia thus: "I now leave the drawings in my name and my brother's in order that they may give pleasure and instruction to those who come after us and be a permanent memorial, not only to us, but also to those Indian artists, for the most part humble and anonymous, who have had the joy and satisfaction of creating and have passed them on to us to enjoy. May these Drawings and Paintings also help to encourage a love and appreciation of Indian art, which I find so fascinating, but which at present seems to be given so little consideration among art-loving people in this country." It will, no doubt, be a long time before everyone will share the Colonel's enthusiasm, which he himself in one passage seems to recognise as perhaps a little unusual. "With increased experience and knowledge, my preference for Indian paintings and drawings has become ever more marked and they now have for me an almost obsessive attraction and give me a subtle pleasure which I get from no other form of visual art." But this is not to belittle his generosity, rather to emphasise that he had presented something to the public which he must have found very hard to part with.

The real difficulty which most Europeans experience in appreciating Indian art generally is that they are puzzled by its iconography, are ignorant of the legends which it illustrates and are liable to be bored by what appears to be the narrowness of its range. I am not talking of sculpture or architecture or the cave

paintings of Ajanta, which are, by general consent, some of the wonders of the world, but of drawings and paintings which are of small dimensions, to be considered by our notions as book illustrations. Yet the best of them can hold their own with Persian miniatures, or, to come down to modern times, with the drawings of, say, Samuel Palmer—anyway, that sort of comparison occurs to me when I look at Fig. 3 here, the fight between a lion and a water-buffalo by a forest pool—not an exact parallel, of course, but there is a little of Palmer's romantic intensity in the treatment of the landscape and—to go off on another tack—almost a pre-Raphaelite pleasure in the meticulously painted flowers and foliage. If you find that comparison too

far-fetched, you will at least agree that it is beautifully composed and wonderfully well executed. The date?—about 1760. If this anonymous Mughal painter could have visited England in that year, I believe our George Stubbs would have welcomed him as a man and a brother, while he, on his part, would surely have understood the Englishman's passionate interest in animal anatomy. Another point occurs to me; here we are, in the last half of the eighteenth century, and a gifted unknown, and dozens of others equally anonymous, are seeing the world in a particular way which no European had experienced for about 400 years, for this intense pleasure in nature, whether animal or vegetable, ex-



FIG. 1. "SIR CHARLES METCALFE, PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA, 1835-1837": BY AN ANONYMOUS ARTIST. JAIPUR, c. 1830.

In this portrait drawing "the marriage of European and Eastern dress is impressive. Top-hat, high Gladstone collar, careless tie—who would imagine they could look so well above the flowing robes of an Eastern potentate?"

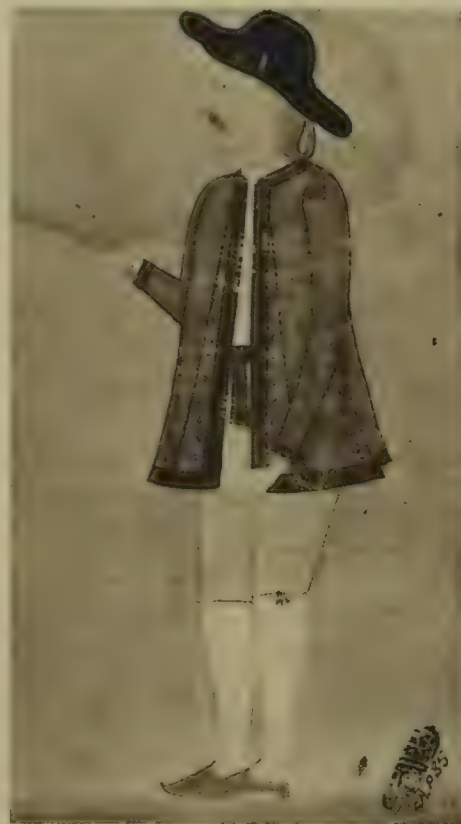


FIG. 2. "A EUROPEAN SEAMAN WEARING A RED JACKET." JAIPUR, c. 1775.

This European seaman is represented in the normal profile Indian style "with his pigtail tucked into a noble sombrero. . . . For some obscure reason I think he is English," writes Frank Davis.



FIG. 3. "THE FIGHT BETWEEN A LION AND A BUFFALO NEAR A FOREST POOL": PROVINCIAL MUGHAL, c. 1760.

"... there is a little of Palmer's romantic intensity in the treatment of the landscape and—to go off on another tack—almost a pre-Raphaelite pleasure in the meticulously painted flowers and foliage."

Illustrations by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

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pressed with such naïve innocence, is surely the characteristic feature of a fifteenth-century tapestry. So much for the more serious part of the collection.

But the Colonel cast his net wide and included all kinds of odds and ends of little artistic but of considerable sociological interest, among them a series of drawings which either show European influence or are of European subjects treated in an Indian manner. One drawing seems to belong to both categories; it is not a masterpiece, but an attempt to imitate a European style, and the subject is, of course, a European. The man seems to be a Dutchman and he holds a spoon in one hand and a dish in the other. If perhaps an erudite hatter happened to see it he would be able to provide an exact date! The picture comes from Golconda, and is thought to be about 1720. The other two illustrations given are obviously Indian—examples of the normal profile portrait. Fig. 2 is a European seaman, with his pigtail tucked into a noble sombrero and wearing a red jacket. For some obscure reason I think he is English. Jaipur, and about 1775. I always think of sailors of this period as either clean-shaven or bearded—here is a sad, drooping moustache. Fig. 1 seems to me particularly interesting. It is also from Jaipur, about 1830. The subject is Sir Charles Metcalfe, provisional Governor-General of India, 1835-1837, and the marriage of European and Eastern dress is impressive. Top-hat, high Gladstone collar, careless tie—who would imagine they could look so well above the flowing robes of an Eastern potentate?

ON EXHIBITION IN BIRMINGHAM GALLERY: FINE PAINTINGS FROM MIDLAND HOUSES.



"THE GUARD SHIP AT THE NORE"; BY JAMES MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, R.A. (1775-1851). LENT TO THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF ART TREASURES FROM MIDLAND HOUSES IN BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY, BY MAJOR A. W. FOSTER, M.C., APLEY PARK, SALOP.



"WARWICK CASTLE"; BY ANTONIO CANALE, CALLED CANALETTO (1697-1768). PAINTED FOR THE THEN EARL OF WARWICK, AND LENT BY THE PRESENT EARL OF WARWICK, WARWICK CASTLE.



"A LANDSCAPE"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788). DISCUSSED IN M. WOODALL, "GAINSBOROUGH'S LANDSCAPE DRAWINGS 1939," PP. 60 ET SEQ. LENT BY THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, BELVOIR CASTLE.

The Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery Committee have arranged a special and extremely interesting exhibition to celebrate Coronation Year. Under the title of "Works of Art from Midland Houses," it includes paintings and furniture, and other works of art most generously by the owners for the purposes of this exhibition. Lord Lichfield arranged to open it on July 17, and it will continue until Sunday, September 6. Many of the paintings on view have never before been exhibited publicly and they include such treasures as the outstandingly fine early Velasquez portrait of Doña Geronima de la Fuente which is perhaps a preliminary study for a full-length portrait of the same sitter



"DOÑA GERONIMA DE LA FUENTE"; BY DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DA SILVA VELASQUEZ (1599-1660). PERHAPS A PRELIMINARY STUDY FOR THE PORTRAIT IN THE CONVENT OF SANTA ISABEL DE LOS REYES, TOLEDO. LENT BY SIR WILLIAM FITZHERBERT, BT., TISSINGTON HALL.



"THE SISTERS"; BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, O.M., R.A. (1817-1904). THE SITTEES ARE DAME ELLEN TERRY (1848-1928) AND KATE TERRY, GRANDMOTHER OF SIR JOHN GIELGUD. LENT BY THE HON. MRS. HERVEY-BATHURST, EASTNOR CASTLE.

in the Convent of Santa Isabel de los Reyes at Toledo. Eighty-four works of the British school are on view, and there are sections devoted to the work of Dutch, Flemish, German, Italian and Spanish artists; and some fine pieces of sculpture. Among the works of art on view is a chimney-piece garniture by Matthew Boulton (1728-1809). This has been graciously lent by H.M. the Queen from Windsor.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

HERE we begin with an insoluble dilemma. The newest volume of Colette, "My Mother's House" (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), can not be overlooked, yet to "review" it seems impossible. First, simply, it is much too late. Under the change of name, at once misleading, justified and uninspired, lies the familiar "Maison de Claudine," with "Sido," logically, as an afterpiece. So one can't tackle it from scratch, nor can one treat it as a "classic," with impersonal sincerity; at least not here and now. For, we are told, this volume is a birthday tribute to Colette, on the completion of her eightieth year. And, furthermore, both the selected works are in large part the writer's homage to her mother; so that an unreserved approach is doubly barred. "Sido" is not a figure to discuss; either—like Mr. Roger Senhouse, in the introduction—one is content to sum her up as beyond doubt "her daughter's most endearing, most compassionate, most adorable character," or, in this context, one can hardly speak of her. Which, with so much to go on, is inhibiting and sad. But it is no one's fault; and Mr. Senhouse takes it as an opportunity. His introduction is a birthday ode, almost too florid to be flattering. France's "illustrious daughter crowned with bays" (as he so Gallically puts it) deserved a stricter note, even on such a personal occasion.

What can one write, at this stage, of "My Mother's House"? For any who don't know, it is the mirror of a country childhood: childhood in a Burgundian village, under a smiling Mother of all life—a garden goddess, ruling a world of flowers and beasts and silent, disappearing children. There is no god in this domain; the one-legged Captain of Zouaves is like an exile from mortality, a grey Tithonus, sunk in his goddess-wife and half estranged from his own children, with their immortal blood. Sido is the all-regulating force; she has the words of power, the pact with the four winds. . . . And yet, though dominant, she is "outside" (and for my part, I like her best as a weak woman, in "The Spahi's Cloak"). The "inside" and true magic is in the childish eye, at first of Minet-Chéri, or the Little One—Colette herself—then, beautifully, in the last three tales, of her own "Bel-Gazou," the Minet-Chéri of the future. To pick and choose, or to unravel memory from art in the enchanted web, would require space as well as cunning. But there are moments when the veil is thin. For instance: "I managed to raise my head, and saw a bluish garden and smoke-coloured walls wavering strangely under a sky turned yellow. I collapsed on the grass, prostrate and limp like one of those little leverets that the poachers bring, fresh killed, into the kitchen." A truly memorable fainting-fit—and then a change of view, which could provide material for a whole lecture.

"Sido" is like a footnote or addendum to "My Mother's House." It has three parts: "Sido," "The Captain" and "The Savages." These are Colette's two brothers—in untouched youth, and sad, untameable decline; and it is this part that revives the spell.

OTHER FICTION.

Hit-or-miss novelists are in a sense the lucky ones, because we can't start taking them for granted. They may surprise at any point: and "No More Meadows," by Monica Dickens (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), comes as a most agreeable surprise. By which I don't mean to be nasty; her talent is always plain, but it is not especially for fiction. Therefore, beyond a point, all her invented narratives are a toss-up, and this has landed the right way.

Although—or very possibly because—action is minimal. Christine, at thirty-four, works in the book department of a London shop, and lives at Barnes with her old father and the eccentric, lovable Aunt Jo. She is a comely girl, rather too plump; enjoys her job, but within reason; has a desire to marry, not acute; and, on the whole, is modestly content with life. As a young girl she had one passionate, idyllic love-affair, but somehow minor episodes don't come her way. Then—on a bench in Grosvenor Square—she falls in with Commander Gaegler of the U.S. Navy. They meet again by chance, and after that Vinson is frequently around. Not to make love; he is at once respectful and off-hand, hardly a swain, and, anyhow, not much to look at—but still a spice of life, and a small feather in her cap. It is a shock when he proposes marriage, in sober form and (so as not to bias her) without a kiss. Christine, of course, longs to be biased, and nearly turns him down. But second thoughts prevail, and she goes off to Washington as an "American wife."

Rather a grey adventure in the end. The snag is not America, which she enjoys, but Vinson, who is hard to take. Close-up, he is conventional and selfish, and a little "near," and stiffly bent on his own way. And yet—for such is life—really pathetic and well-meaning. So, after one uncharted fling, Christine resigns herself to making do.

The tale is long and slow, but very comfortable and perceptive; with a delightful heroine, a lot of femininity and humour, and an especial charm on English ground.

In "A Long View of Nothing," by H. A. Manhood (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), the stories are so many and so brief that one can't deal with them in outline. But, to begin with, something always happens. The writer is unflaggingly inventive, full of surprising turns, yet scornful the mechanic "point." He is inclined to Irish settings, but not tied. In mood, he veers from the satiric tragedy to the amusingly macabre, then to romantic humour or pure farce. At first, the general intention seems a little grim; but, as the tales go on, perhaps by accident the sun and fun tend to increase, and the discomfort fades. The style is curt and fresh, always in tune with the idea; and the whole book shows an original and easy talent.

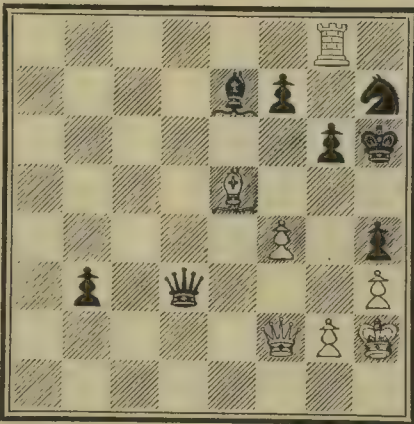
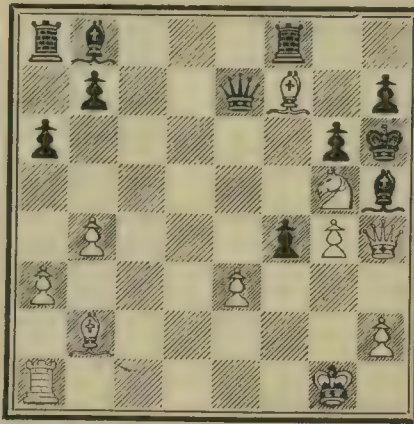
"Murder in the King's Road," by Jane Boyd (Harvill Press; 9s. 6d.), is an attempt on classic lines. Early one morning, a spinster of unblemished character, out with her dog, pauses to look in an antique shop-window, and spies a corpse reclining in the depths. Later he is discovered to be Vernon Bran, author of a best-selling trilogy. No. 1 suspect is Paul Denham—because he owns the shop, and is, besides, a weak youth in financial straits. But there are other figures on the scene: Bran's unknown blackmailer, and Julie Bran his wife, and her ex-husband the big-game hunter. . . . Even the spinster becomes re-involved.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I PRESENT two bits of real devilry this week. The diagrammed positions arose in two recent Continental games. In each game White, to move, won by a brilliant and unexpected stroke which led to mate in three moves at most in either case.

Conceal the text below the diagrams!



First diagram: 1. Kt-K6! This threatens mate in two different ways, by 2. B-K7 and also 2. P-Kt5. It also has the merit of preventing 1. . . . Q×KPch, so is certainly not too hard to find. The game actually concluded 1. . . . Q×Q; 2. B-Kt7 mate.

His knight doubly menaced, his white-square bishop lost if the knight moves, his king exposed to that check, White would be in difficulties, were this beautiful resource denied him.

Second diagram: 1. Q×Pch, B×Q; 2. B-Kt7ch, K-R4, and now 3. P-Kt4 mate.

Again White is saved by the one brilliant resource. Did he see it all coming? Masters foresee by no means everything—even in their most successful games; but I fear they are shockingly unwilling to confess the fact.

I watched Capablanca demonstrating once to a deeply-impressed sweet young thing. "But couldn't White do so-and-so?" she asked shyly. The Great One had actually overlooked something—so much was clear. To have admitted it would have been simple. But the Great One preferred to stalk away without another word!

"The Queen's House," and rebuilt splendidly by Nash for George IV. Nash's design, which included the Marble Arch as a gateway, could not have been bettered. Both architect and Royal Master came in for violent criticism which should have been reserved for the lamentable Blore, who redesigned the façade according to Queen Victoria's Gothic taste. Happily, the East Front was rebuilt shortly before World War I, to the designs of Sir Aston Webb, so that while possessing nothing of the grace of Nash's original, it at all events has dignity and balance. Sir Compton's book is lavishly illustrated with photographs both of the exterior and interior of the Palace, and his description of its Royal owners through two centuries has, as one might expect, humanity and charm.

A fuller book on the same subject, though less copiously illustrated, is "From Goring House to Buckingham Palace," by O. G. Goring (Rockliff; 16s.). This traces the history of the site on which Buckingham Palace stands from the Manor of Eia to the present day. The book is entertainingly written and should be purchased as a companion volume to Sir Compton's.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE.

RUSSIA, perhaps because of its immense backwardness, is a country which, with the centuries, appears to have changed less in its fundamentals than any other within the European orbit. When Dr. Samuel Collins went to Moscow in 1670 he noted that there were "Spies in every corner," that it was death to reveal anything spoken at Court, and that the Russians had a profound contempt for learning (cf. the frequent modern purges of "intellectuals"). Moreover, "the people are very jealous and suspect those who ask them any questions concerning their Policy or Religion, they being wholly devoted to their own ignorance"—which is saying in seventeenth-century language what every pre-war Intourist visitor will recall. These were exactly the same characteristics which Baldwin Hamey, the hero of "Hamey the Stranger," by John Keevil (Bles; 21s.), noted

when he went from the war-stricken Netherlands as Court doctor to the Czar Fedor, the son of Ivan the Terrible, whose rule was as shadowy as his life in the Kremlin was sickly. The Czar was surrounded by the members of the Godunow family and Hamey was constantly ground between the upper and nether millstone. For the distinction in the Russia of those days between Court physician and Court poisoner was finely drawn. The Czar was constantly hinting to Hamey that he would not be heartbroken if this or that noble whom he was treating failed to recover. On the other hand, Boris Godunow and his party, whom Hamey liked, were saying the same thing to him about the Czar. He was aware of the various plots against the Czar's life, and here again was placed in an intolerable position. If he revealed the conspiracies to his Imperial master and the plotters nevertheless succeeded, it would mean an unpleasant death for him at the hands of the victorious party. If, on the other hand, he failed to reveal them, the conspirators were defeated, and it was found that he had suppressed his knowledge, then the same fate awaited him at the hands of the Czar. No wonder that Hamey, homesick and alarmed, spent most of his three years in Russia trying to get the Czar's permission to leave, thus coming up against another modern Russian characteristic—reluctance to allow foreigners who have worked in the country ever to leave it again. In the end, he escaped by a subterfuge, but in the interval his homesickness—to the benefit of posterity—led him to pour out his views and acute observations in a series of long letters to Dutch friends. They constitute one of the most remarkable pictures of late sixteenth-century Russia which has been painted. Hamey used the excuse that he was going to meet his young bride from Holland at Archangel to obtain the Imperial *laissez-passer* which enabled him, with that no doubt bewildered young lady, to set sail in one of the English Muscovy Company's ships, not this time back to the war-torn Netherlands, but to a new life in late-Elizabethan England. The picture he here draws of the teeming life of the city, and particularly of the Tower Ward, where Hamey administered his old-fashioned medieval remedies to the foreigners who clustered there, is as interesting in its way as his earlier delineation of the Russian scene. His close connection with the great Earl of Essex is responsible for the fascinating account of Essex's fatal rising which has emerged from his papers. Hamey to the end of his long life remained a foreigner, but his son, the younger Baldwin Hamey, lived to be the chief benefactor of the Royal College of Physicians. Between them their lives covered the hundred and more years from 1568 to 1676. They saw a period of immense religious, political and cultural change. To the elder Baldwin Hamey the beliefs of the medieval schoolmen and the practices of Hippocrates and Galen were part of the established order of things. His son lived on to see the foundations of modern science which came with the establishment of the Royal Society. Dr. Keevil is naturally interested in Hamey's medical views, but he never allows his interest to destroy that of the layman, and as the story of a strange character in a strange time it can scarcely be bettered.

Hamey was an ardent supporter of Charles I., as was the stout-hearted Lord Goring who wrote to his wife when he summoned his younger son from Paris to join the King's Army: "Had I millions of crowns or scores of sons, the King and his cause should have them all." It is fitting, as Sir Compton Mackenzie writes in "The Queen's House" (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), that Buckingham Palace should stand on the site of a house built by so stout a monarchist. It was Goring who just before the Civil War broke out took the Tyburn, which flows in a south-westerly direction, across what is now the Green Park, and which seems to have been the boundary of seventeenth-century St. James's Park, underground through his property. But ardent loyalty has always proved expensive, and Goring was not able to re-establish himself in his house in the Mulberry Garden before he died. Goring House was rebuilt first by Arlington, then again by the Duke of Buckingham and Normanby, was then bought by George III., settled on Queen Charlotte by an Act of Parliament in exchange for Somerset House (whenceforward it was called "The Queen's House,") and rebuilt splendidly by Nash for George IV. Nash's design, which included the Marble Arch as a gateway, could not have been bettered. Both architect and Royal Master came in for violent criticism which should have been reserved for the lamentable Blore, who redesigned the façade according to Queen Victoria's Gothic taste. Happily, the East Front was rebuilt shortly before World War I, to the designs of Sir Aston Webb, so that while possessing nothing of the grace of Nash's original, it at all events has dignity and balance. Sir Compton's book is lavishly illustrated with photographs both of the exterior and interior of the Palace, and his description of its Royal owners through two centuries has, as one might expect, humanity and charm.

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Remarkably high prices have been paid for Old Master paintings in recent London sales. In our last week's issue we reproduced works which were sold for large sums at Christie's recently, and on this page we give reproductions of paintings from the collection of the late Mr. Alan P. Good, removed from Glympton Park, Woodstock, Oxon, which came under the hammer at Sotheby's on July 15, and fetched outstandingly large sums. The popularity of the eighteenth-century Venetian school stands very high at the moment, and the largest figure of the sale was reached by Canaletto's "View of San Francesco

della Vigna," which fetched £7600. Two views of Turin (which we do not illustrate) by Canaletto's nephew Belotto realised £3150. Dutch painting has always been greatly appreciated by British collectors, and in accordance with this established preference it is not surprising that the fine Jan van Goyen landscape we illustrate brought in £3500, while £3600 was paid for his "River Landscape with a Village," which we do not reproduce. The Gainsborough landscape which was sold for £4500 had returned to this country from American collections. The proceeds of the sale amounted to £41,405.



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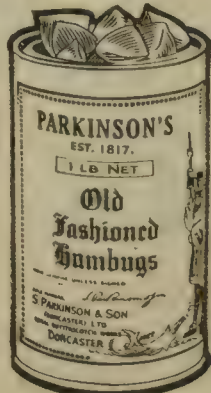
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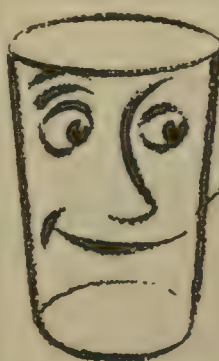
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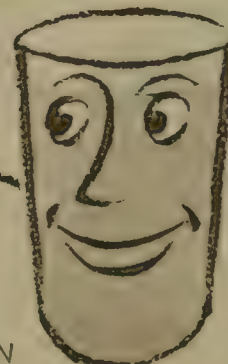
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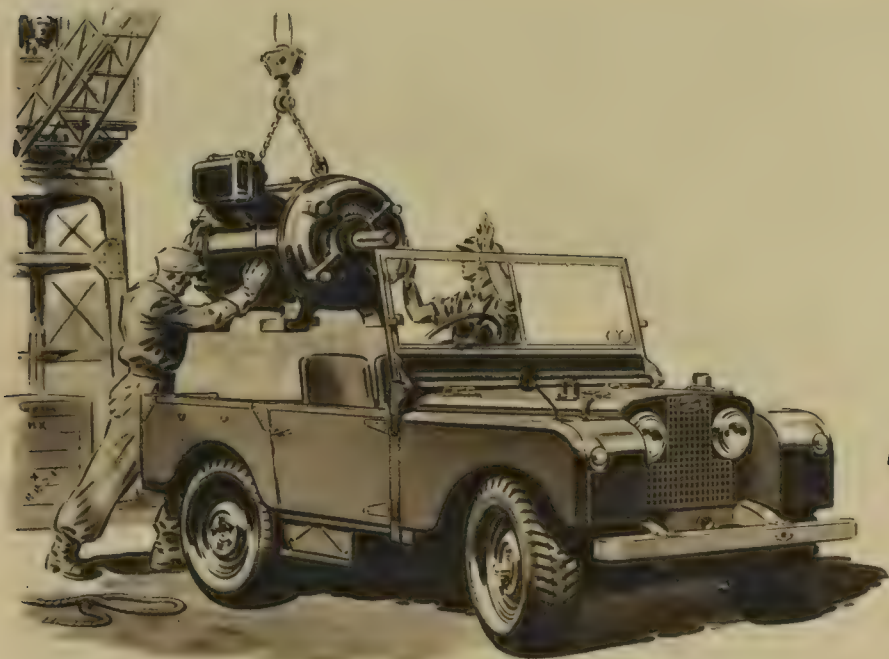
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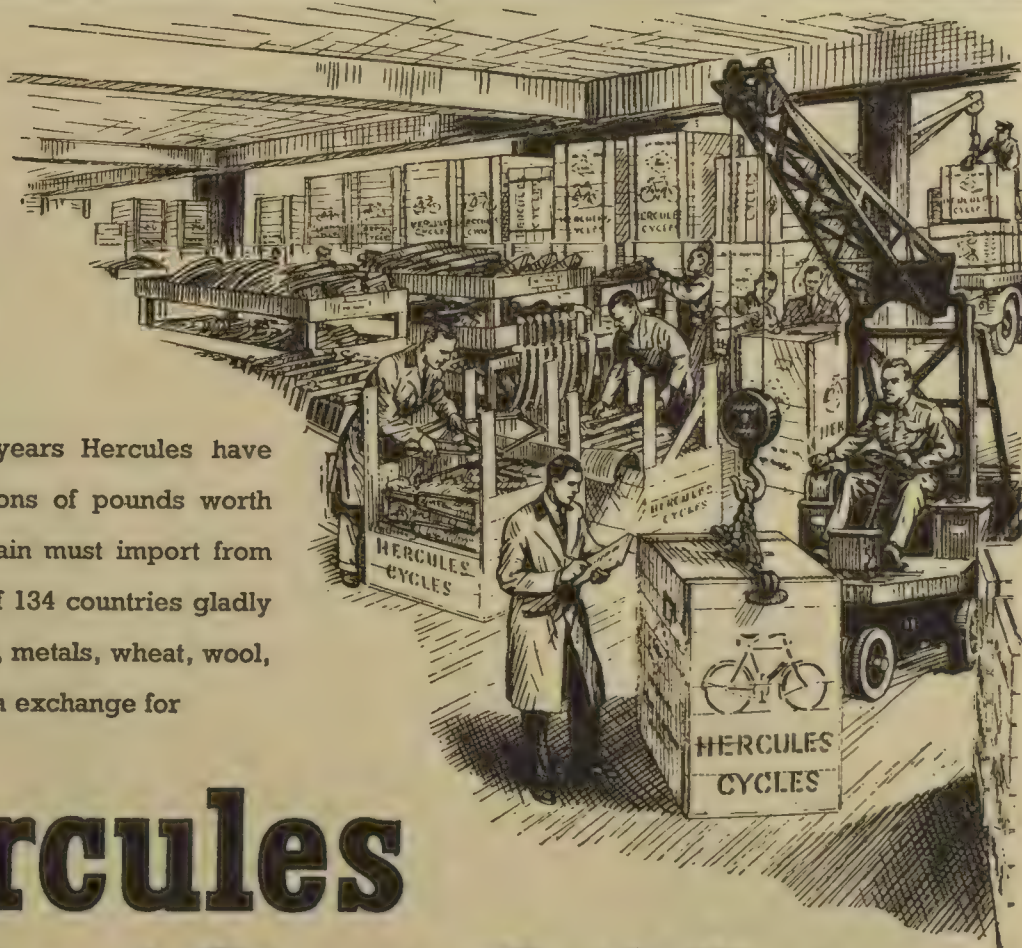


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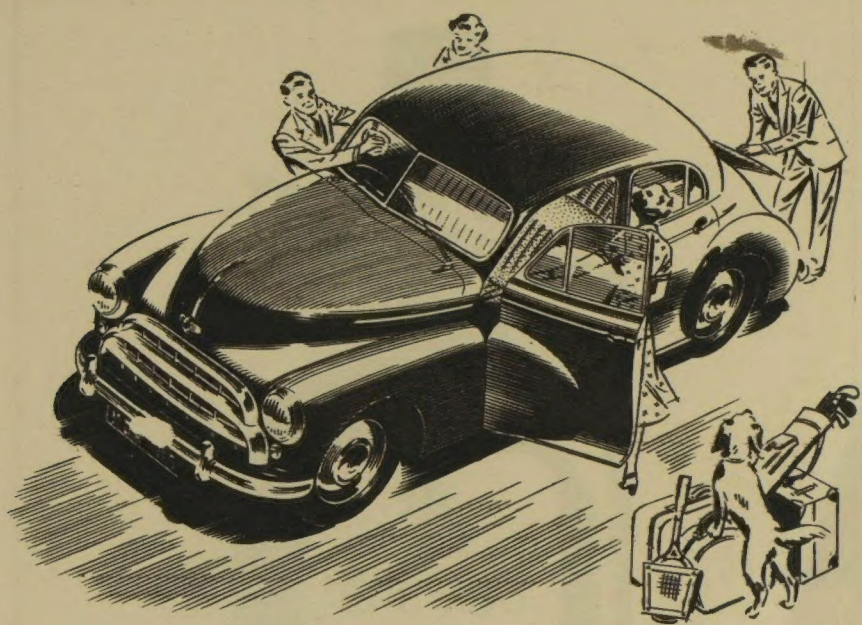


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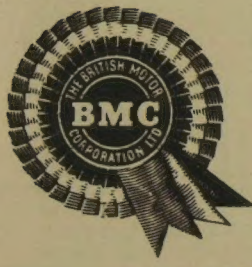




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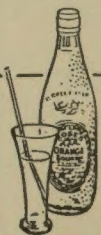
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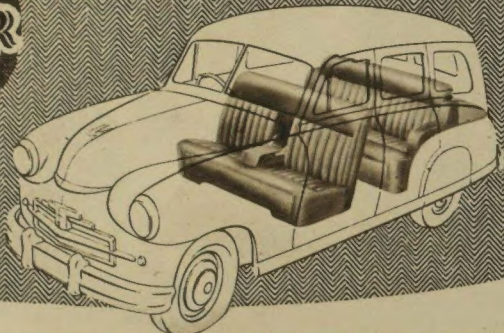
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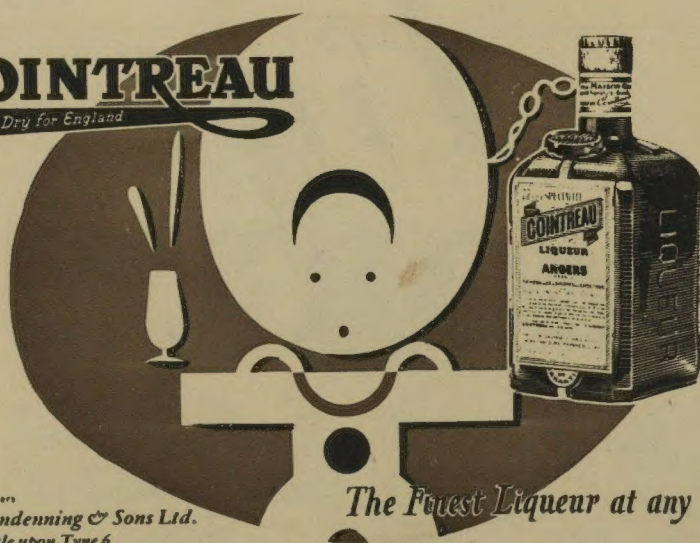
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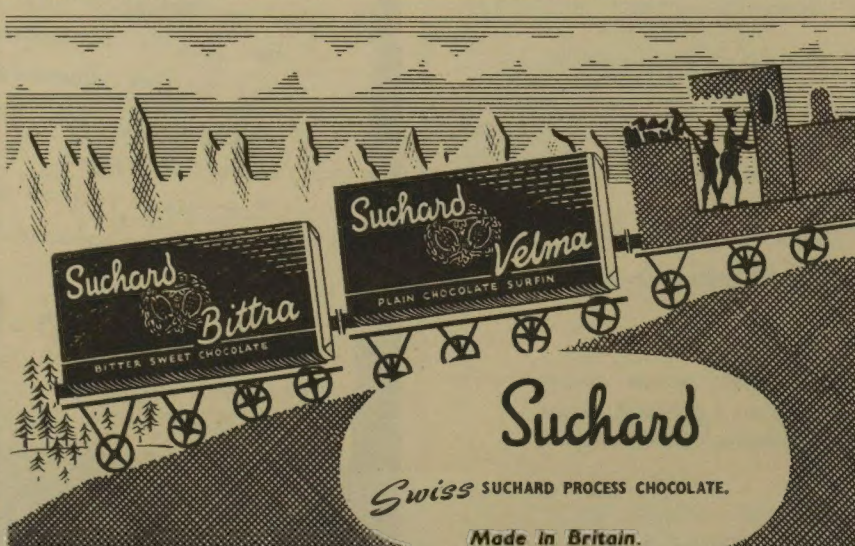
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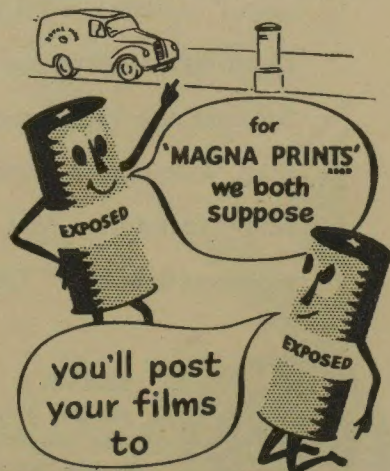
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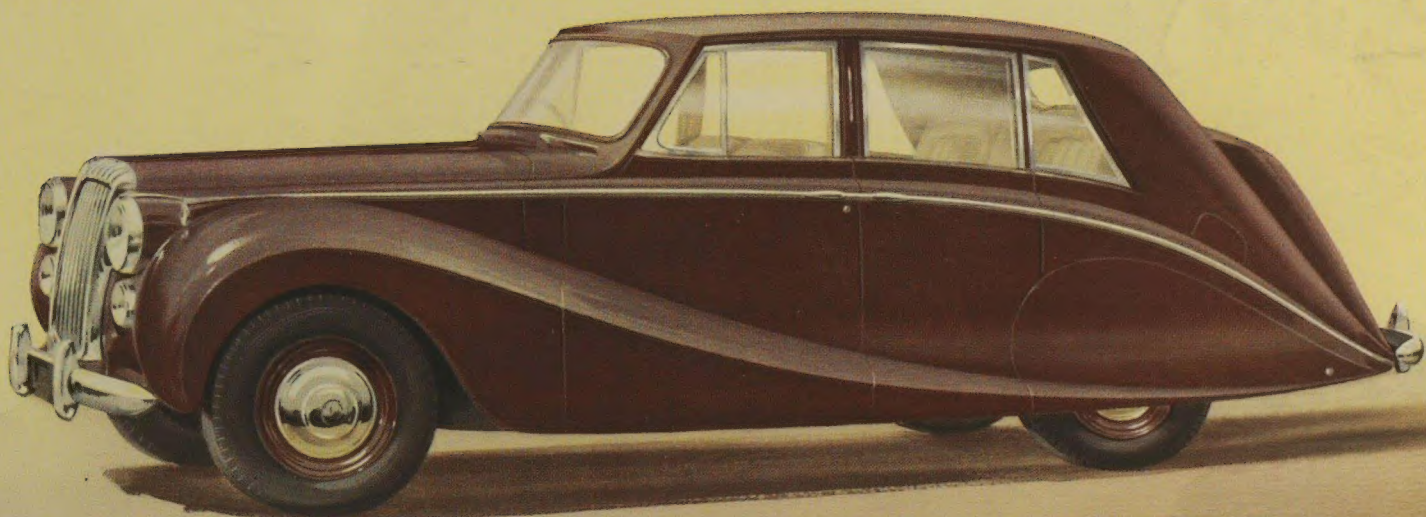
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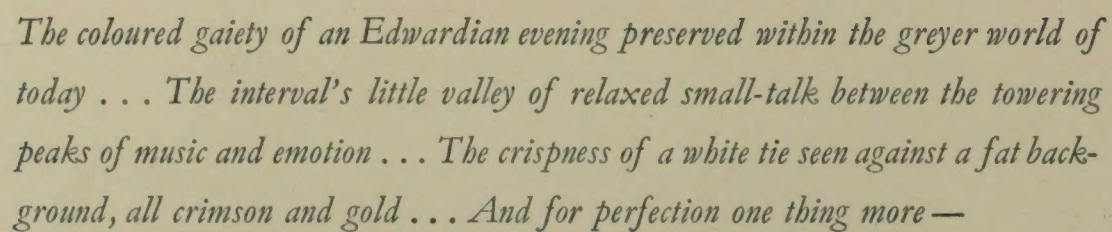


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